

# The Sketch

No. 827A.—Vol. LXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

MME. STEINHEIL'S ART NOUVEAU PEARL RING.



## THE OUTSTANDING FIGURE IN THE STEINHEIL CASE: MME. STEINHEIL, WHO IS NOW IN SAINT LAZARE PRISON, AND HER DAUGHTER, Mlle. STEINHEIL.

As we note on our other page of illustrations of the same subject, Paris is talking of nothing but the Steinheil affair. The chief figure in this is Mme. Steinheil, and much copy is being made concerning her friendship with the late President Felix Faure. With regard to the ring, it will be remembered that Mme. Steinheil stated that she had found in the pocket-book of a man she accused, a pearl said to have been stolen at the time of the murder. Since that statement a jeweller has sworn that the pearl was given to him by Mme. Steinheil thirteen days after the murder, that the art-nouveau mount in which it was set might be removed and a new setting supplied.

*Photographs by a special photographer-reporter of the "Matin"; reproduced by courtesy of that paper. (See Illustrations overleaf.)*

## "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER: NOW ON SALE.

*The Christmas Number of "The Sketch," which we ourselves believe to be the best that has yet been produced, is now on sale, and those who wish to secure copies should obtain them at once, lest they be disappointed, as the demand is enormous and increasing. Various new and attractive features will be found in the issue, a splendid Coloured Plate is given with it, and many pages in colour figure in it, together with stories by famous authors and seasonable pictures by famous artists. The price is One Shilling, as usual.*

### MOTLEY NOTES.

To Fame  
Unknown.

*Without a sign his pen the brave man draws,  
And asks no omen but his township's cause.*

This slight adaptation of Pope's lines came into my mind a few mornings ago as I glanced through the Seaside and English Spa jottings in one of my morning papers. It must be terribly enervating, at this time of year, for these anonymous heroes to make cheerful, attractive copy. I often wonder whether their fellow-townsmen appreciate at their true worth—and give suitable evidence of their appreciation—the gallant ones who put together, day by day and week by week, some such optimistic lines as these—

#### CLIFFSANDS.

The weather here is seasonable and exhilarating. On the morning after the great gale there was plenty of rain, and the sea swept over the parade from end to end. Snap-shooting from bedroom windows was indulged in.

Reporting regarding the strip of road in front of the bandstand, which has been tar-sprayed, the borough surveyor expresses himself as more than delighted with the success of the experiment. He estimates that the improvement will result in a great influx of visitors, and representations to this effect have already been made to the railway company.

Ralph Edmund Evans, son of our esteemed towns fellow, Councillor Evans, yesterday succeeded in flying his kite to the height of eighty-seven feet. A committee is being formed with a view to entertaining the fine little lad at tea, when it is hoped that the Vicar's wife will kindly oblige with "Higher, Ever Higher."

Ry. Htl.—1st. cl. fam. Excel. cuis. Nr. pi., prom, and bd.-sd.

#### WRYTHE.

The weather here is fully up to the high standard reached during a similar period last year. There is a visitor at the Glad Hotel, and it is rumoured that two more are expected for the week-end.

On Friday last the caddies associated with the Wrythe Golf Club were entertained at tea. After the refectation, conjuring was indulged in, much amusement being afforded to the youthful guests by the trick of the disappearing ball.

A chrysanthemum show is mooted, the chief objection to the scheme being that we have no chrysanthemums. It is hoped, however, that this difficulty will be overcome before the end of the month, the soil of Wrythe being peculiarly suitable to chrysanthemums and the rheumatic.

Parade Hotel.—Op. sea. Lif. Exc. cooki. and wi.

Ryl. Htl.—Spec. trns. fr. Xm. Ap. prop. No cheques taken.

#### DULLCOMBE BAY.

The weather here is extraordinarily seasonable. As recently as last night, one of the chimneys of the Town Hall was blown down. It is hoped that the rebuilding operations will give employment to many hundreds of those who would otherwise be inevitably compelled to stay in bed.

The annual prize-distribution in connection with the Dullcombe Bay Young People's Anti-Flirtation League took place yesterday in the Council Hall. The lady members took tea in the South Room, the North Room being reserved for the gentlemen members. The Challenge Cup went to Miss Drinkwater, who has not been seen on the parade on any day since the beginning of the year. Miss Parker, who holds a similar certificate, was disqualified as being bed-ridden.

It is gratifying to note that seven of the nine elementary schools in the borough belong to the Church of England.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Htl. Met.—Xm. att. 3st. cl. tab. Sth. asp. Turk., cl. bths. Wntr. tms.

Beach Htl.—Same att. as 'bove only btrr. Write for Illus. bkl.

#### SOUTHMOUTH.

Everything here is calculated to exhilarate.

A missionary meeting held in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon was one of the most remarkable and interesting ever held in the borough.

At a special meeting of the Southmouth Town Council, held with wonderful recency, a distress committee was appointed for the purpose of dealing with the unemployed during the coming winter. It was proposed by Alderman Toogood, and seconded by Alderman Merryweather, that nothing be done. The resolution was carried unanimously amid sensational acclamation.

A Palestine Exhibition on an extensive scale will be held in the Town Hall next week for the relief of overcharged visitors. It is confidently expected that the affair will be a fiasco.

Regent Hl.—New wing (at advanced rates) now open. Trms. fr. leg same as usual.

Quayside Hydro.—Simply ripping.

#### SEAGATE.

With the exception of a couple of hurricanes on Monday, and three squalls on Tuesday, the fine weather continues unabated.

The local Free Church Council have for the tenth time unanimously passed a resolution urging the Urban District Council to proceed without delay with the erection of a Free Church Music and Dancing Hall. If no reply is forthcoming before the next meeting of the Free Church Council, Brother Waysgoose will speak to the point for upwards of two hours.

Eating and drinking are popular pastimes.

Ryl. Htl.—Eight miles frm. sea Sheltrd.

#### SNACKSHILL.

The weather here is boisterous, but amusing.

On Sunday morning, during Church parade, the Mayor was lifted off his feet and carried at least two hundred yards without once touching the ground. A company is to be floated (ha!) without delay for the exploitation of this exhilarating winter sport. For illustrated prospectus, including snapshot of the Mayor in mid-air, as well as in robes of office, write to the Town Clerk.

Clarkson's non-alcoholic wines are the best.

B. B. Htl.—Abcd., efg., i., jkl.

Royal Hunt Hotel.—Garage. No stabling

#### LITTLEHAM.

The weather is milder than in January.

Grocers and provision-dealers have formed an association with a view to getting a bit more out of hotel-keepers and landladies. They argue that the hotel-keepers and landladies can, in their turn, get a bit more out of the visitors; but the hotel-keepers and landladies tearfully maintain that this is impossible. The Vicar will preach on the subject on Sunday morning.

Prince's Htl.—Mno., pqrs., tuvw., yxz. Cheques will not be accepted under any circumstances whatever.

#### DEADLOCK.

The weather here is vile.

The Mayor made a rotten speech last Tuesday.

There are no visitors in the town.

Nearly everybody is bankrupt.

I am chucking this job after to-day.

My heart is broken.



## A REAL RIVAL TO THE "YELLOW ROOM": THE STEINHEIL AFFAIR.

THE CRIME THAT HAS MADE PARIS NERVOUS—AND CURIOUS.



1. THE STEINHEIL FAMILY, SHOWING MME. STEINHEIL, AND THE MURDERED ARTIST, ADOLPHE STEINHEIL.

2. RÉMY COUILLARD, THE VALET WHO WAS ACCUSED OF THE CRIME BY MME. STEINHEIL, AND HAS BEEN PROVED INNOCENT.

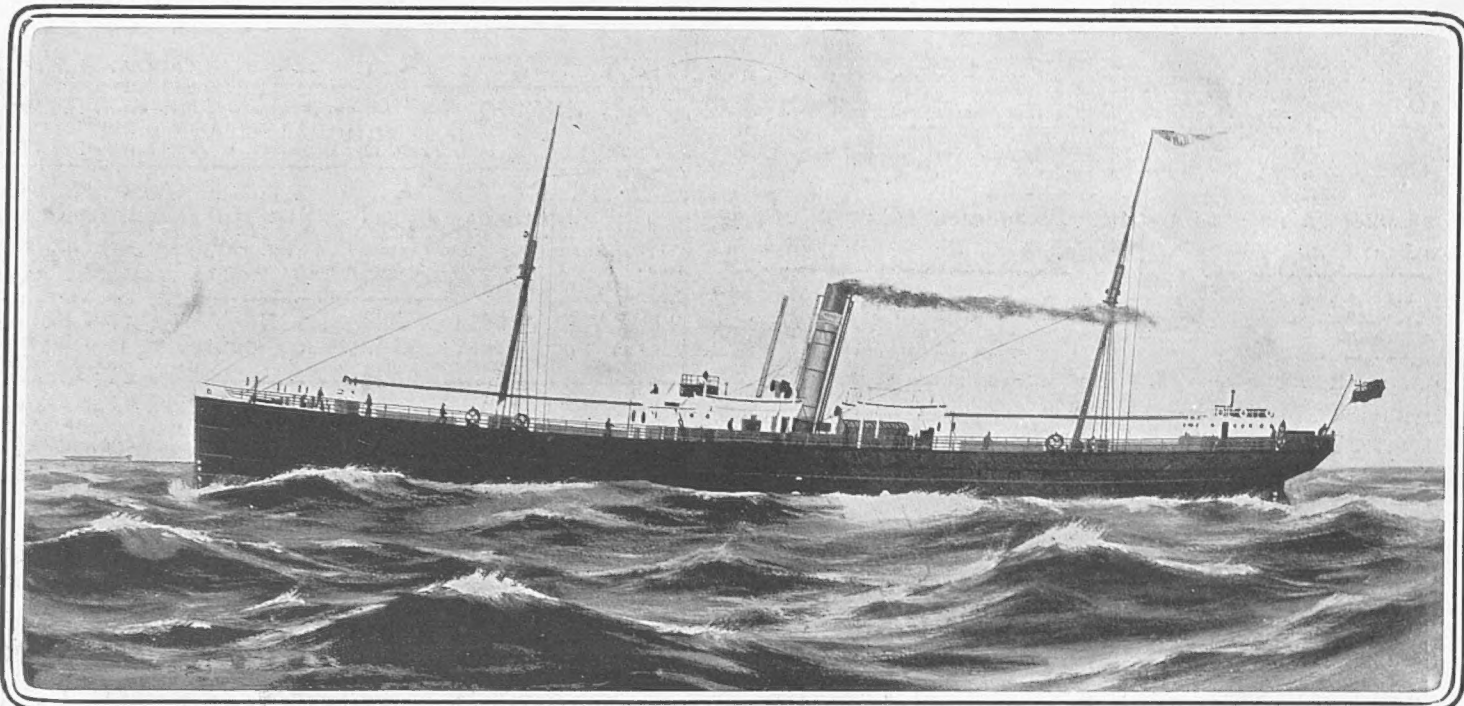
3. THE SCENE OF THE MURDER BY WHIPCORD: THE STEINHEILS' VILLA IN THE IMPASSE RONSin.

4. MME. STEINHEIL, WITH HER DAUGHTER, FOR WHOM, IT WAS SAID, SHE WAS MISTAKEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE CRIME, AND SO SPARED.

5. MME. STEINHEIL AND HER COUNSEL AWAITING ONE OF HER SEVERAL DRAMATIC AND PAINFUL INTERVIEWS WITH THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE.

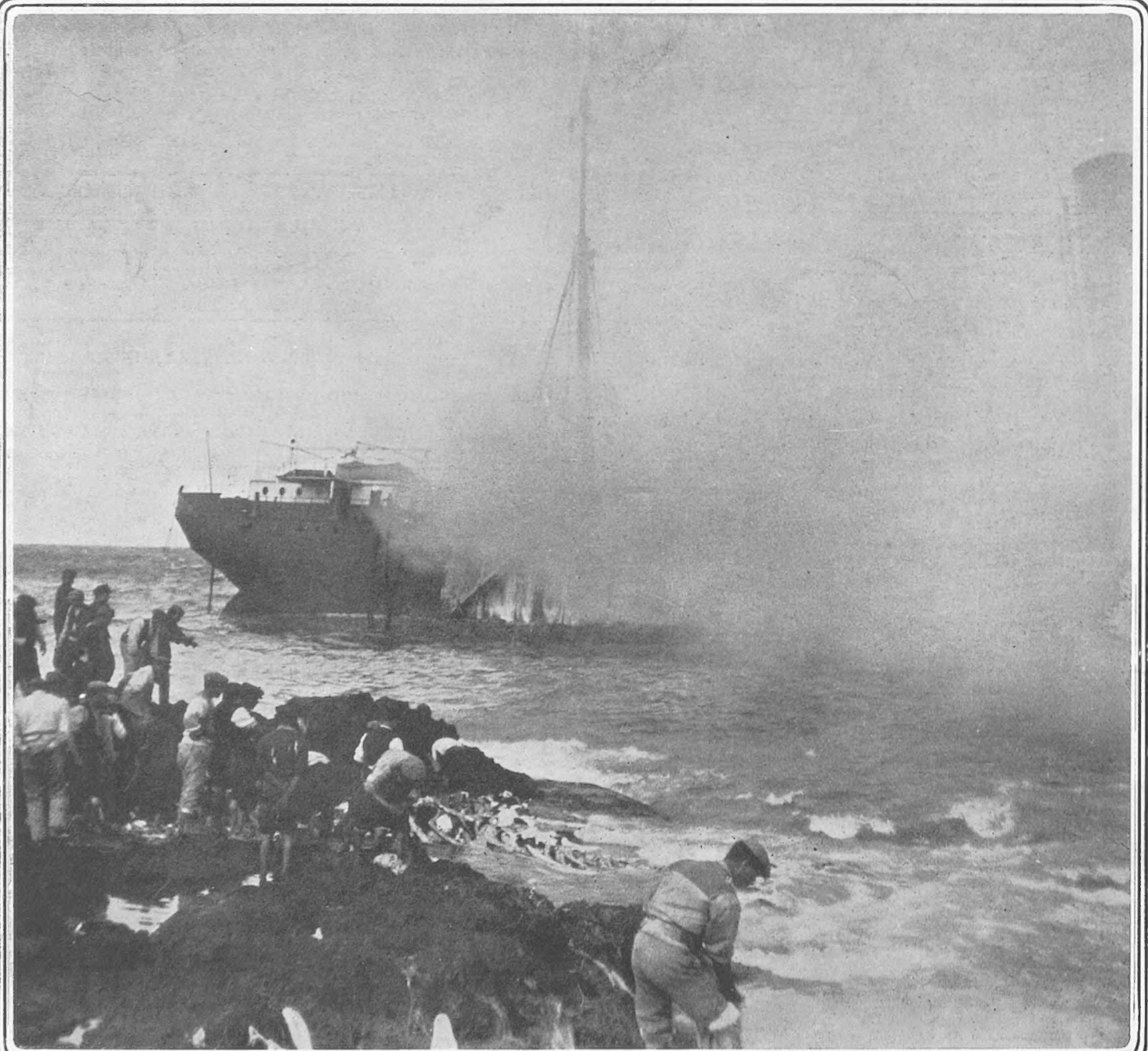
The Steinheil Affair, a murder mystery seemingly as unfathomable as that of the "Yellow Room," is holding all Paris in its thrall, is making the French citizen nervous—and curious. The centre of interest is Mme. Steinheil, who, on the night of the murder in the Impasse Ronsin, was gagged and bound to a bedstead, while her husband and her mother were strangled with whipcord, presumably by burglars. So went the first story of a remarkable series of events. Since the fateful day various arrests have been made, various people have been accused, and Mme. Steinheil has had some extraordinary interviews with the examining magistrate, and has been accused by some people of having herself committed the crime. Interest is added to her personality from the fact of her friendship with the late President Felix Faure, and her presence in the Elysée when he was seized with the apopleptic fit that ended in his death.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 5 by Hamilton; 3 by Rol; 4 by World's Graphic Press.]

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A BURNING BRITISH LINER:  
THE "SARDINIA" ON FIRE.



THE ILL-FATED LINER "SARDINIA" BEFORE THE FIRE IN WHICH A HUNDRED AND TWENTY LIVES WERE LOST.

[Photo. Purvis.]

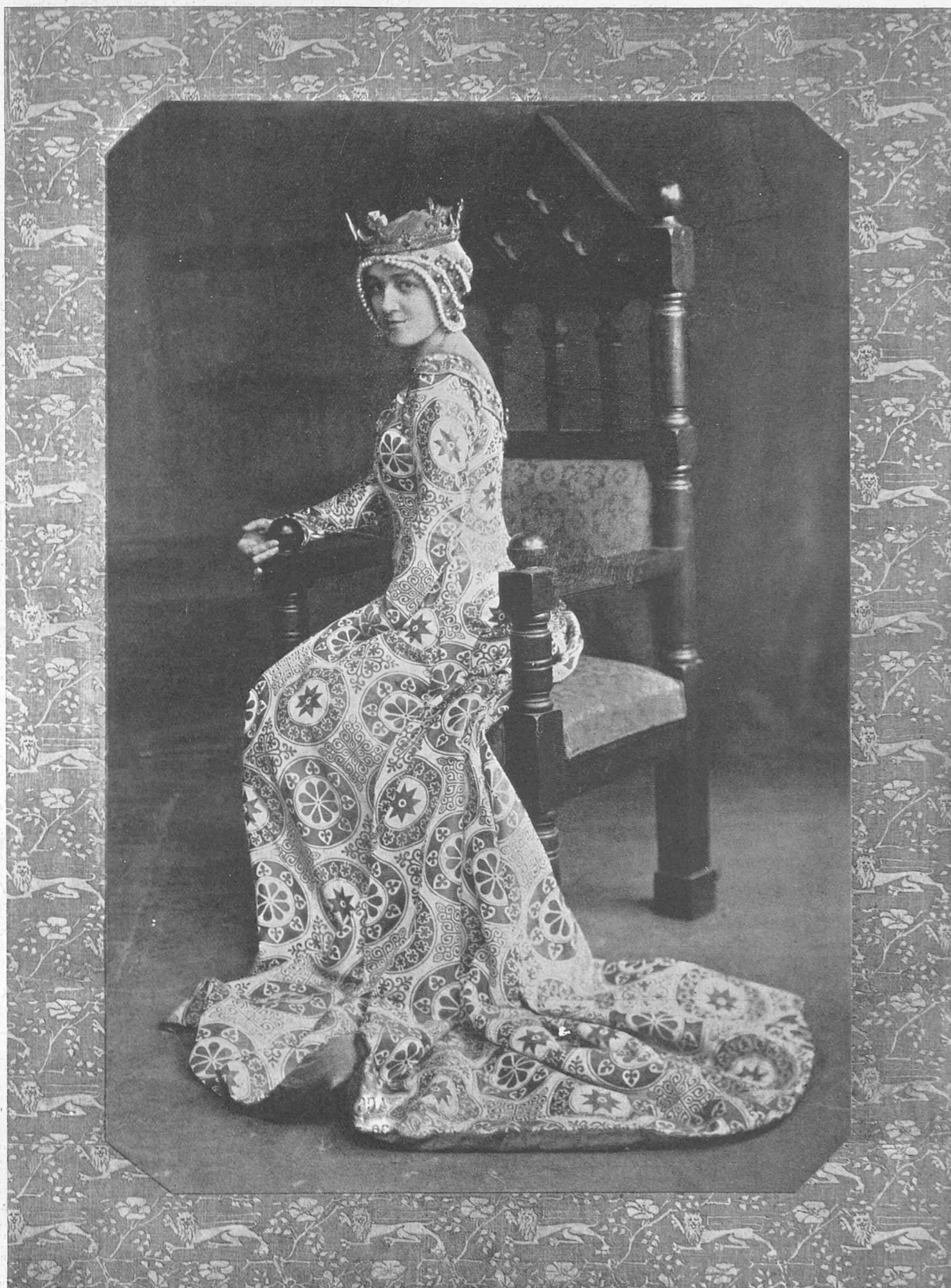


THE "SARDINIA" ABLAZE—IN THE FOREGROUND, SAILORS RECOVERING BODIES AND EFFECTS.

The "Sardinia" took fire soon after leaving Malta for Alexandria, was a mass of flames before many minutes had elapsed, and finally drifted on to the Ricasoli Rocks. So high a wind was blowing that help could not reach the doomed vessel, and over a hundred and twenty lives were lost, including Captain Charles Littler, who stayed heroically at his post and sought to beach his ship. The "Sardinia" was owned by the Ellerman-Papayanni line, and was a steel screw steamer built at Newcastle twenty years ago. Her gross tonnage was 2474. It is curious to note that she was to have sailed on Friday the thirteenth of November, but that the date of the departure was postponed, as the sailors believed it unlucky.—[Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.]



"FAIR KATHARINE, AND MOST FAIR."



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS KATHARINE IN "KING HENRY V.," AT THE LYRIC.

Only six years ago Miss Titheradge made her first appearance on the stage, at the Garrick, playing the Second Water Baby in "The Water Babies."

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full  
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Dec. 2, 1908.

Signature .....



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

I 'M sufferin' from brain-fag. I say "brain" bolt out, brassily, because I've got over the shock of findin' that I'd got one, and I

don't believe in false modesty. What? I mean I've been goin' very, very carefully through my invitations for Christmas, weighin' up, puttin' this advantage against that advantage, this county against that county, this butler against that butler, this village church against that village church; and, b'jove and b'George, layin' the whole thing flat on the table, and I don't wonder. Y' see, either Christmas can be particularly cheery, or. I've had one or two "ors"; oh, yes, one or two! And so I'm mighty wary these days. There are just about a dozen things to look into before committing oneself to an invitation. The host and hostess don't count. They're necessary, and that's all; and, like all necessary things, are not the things one hankers after. Concentrate on the kind of bedroom you're likely to get. Ah, that's a matter needin' grave consideration. What?

A whole week's comfort can be utterly ruined by the bedroom. Aspect, for instance, eh? Well, there are people, very good sorts, cheery, optimistic, hungry, good spenders, and so on, who, wakin' north, remain gusty, bitter, and cantankerous the rest of the day. Nearness of bathroom, eh? Well, I never give a blow who sees me wanderin' aimlessly about passages tryin' to follow the distant sounds that issue from cisterns. For one thing, being a bit of a philanthropist, I like to give odds and ends something to brighten 'em up early in the day, and my dressin'-gowns are very, very glad notes. But there are lots of so-called men who dislike being discovered on their way to bathe, and who whimper for hours at being caught by the ladies stalkin' with rumpled hair and bare ankles, sponge in hand, to or from the bath-room. Odd, but there it is. All a matter of early environment—or, translatin' a stereotyped journalistic phrase into correct English—journalists don't write English ever, but stuff called Fleetish—how the mother brought 'em up. In Early Victorian houses the bath-room is never mentioned aloud. People have to discover it in a sort of Livingstonian, Darkest-African manner. The words bath, bathe, sponge, water, sluice-down, towel, tub, and loofa are horrid bad form, calculated to cause stiff backs, elongated necks, raised eyebrows, and all the other signs of the Albert Memorial manner of showin' displeasure. What?

For my part, I must face south. That done, the rest is easy. I've no objection to modern furniture, though I infinitely prefer a charmin' Jacobean room, oak wainscot, draughty fireplace, and small windows. Electric light over the bed, with a squeezer

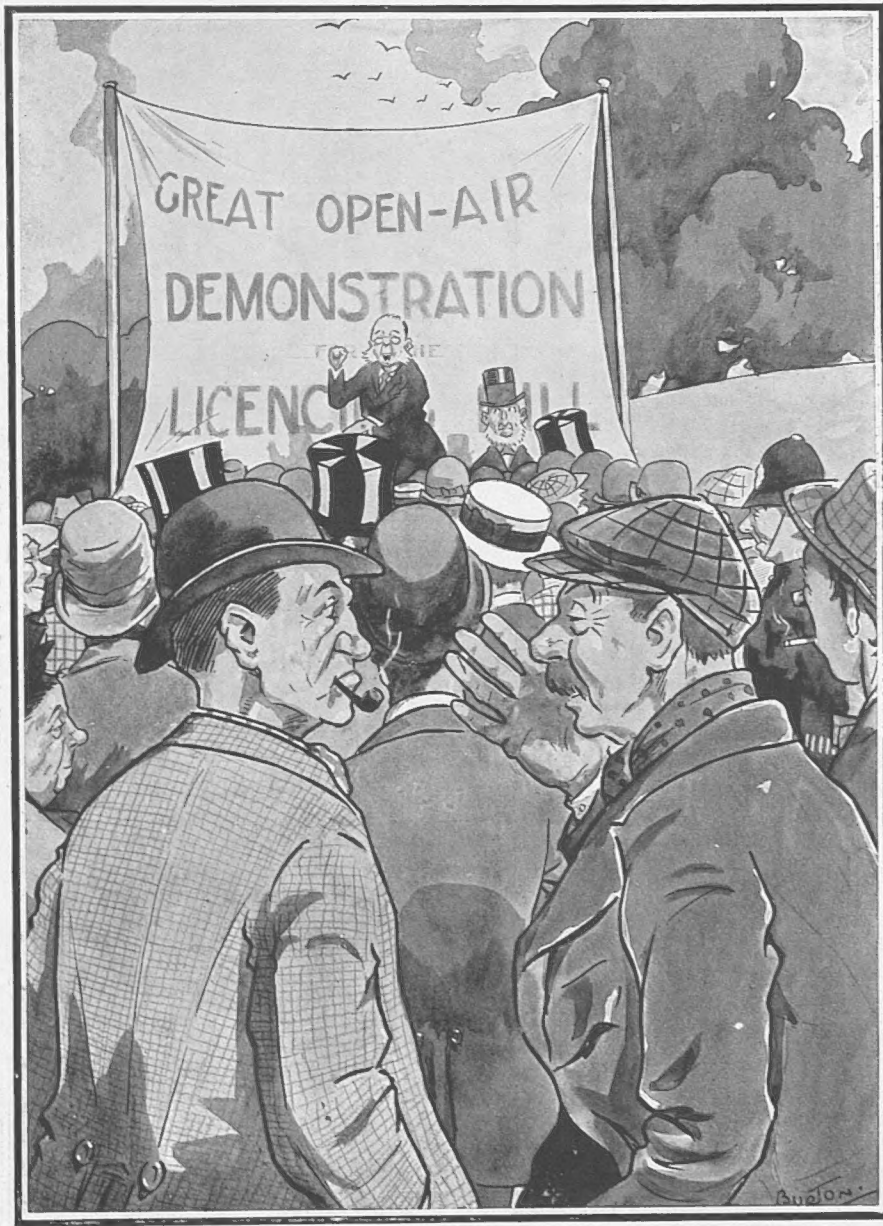
within easy reach, I insist upon in modern houses, but I refuse to use anything but candles in a genuine octogenarian. But the Christmas bedroom must be different from the bedroom of the sensible, grown-up times of the year. I've had to ask myself, when goin' over invitations, whether in this house or that there is any hard-and-fast rule against the mixed-bedroom system. For, d'y'see, I hold with the mixed-bedroom system in country houses.

I mean, it adds greatly to the general cheer if one has early tea in one man's bedroom, a last cigarette in another's, half a shave in a third's, listen to an imitation of Harry Lauder in a fourth's, and so on. In fact, in country houses, especially in huntin' districts, I'm all for pre-historical manners. It makes a change. I like almost—I say almost—to forget which bedroom mine is. It's all so friendly and human. Then, too, it gives one's hosier a chance, poor feller. I devote many anxious hours to the invention and creation of epoch-making bed-kit. I'd like to know what an artist in paints would say if there were no Academy?

Then, of course, those matters gone into, the next thing to weigh up is the sort of people who are likely to make up the Christmas house-party. I'm all against too young people. They're so doocid old. The subaltern and the just-presented girl are so fearfully blasé. Raggin' bores 'em stiff. So I've had to think of the ages of the people this host or that host are likely to invite. Anythin' between twenty-eight and forty-four for me. d'y'see, for then you get a wilful and determined youthfulness that is absolutely irrepressible. That is the age when idiotic mechanical toys are going to give the greatest pleasure and delight, when indoor games with little bats and little clubs will be played with inex-

haustible gusto—I mean golf all down stairs, with miniature greens on the landings, and so forth. That is the age when impromptu fancy-dress dances will be entered into with energy and resource, and everything really and 'ruly idiotic will be hailed with wild enthusiasm.

And so I've decided to spend Christmas at Melton Mowbray. What? The host is one of those jokers who selected a wife from the ranks of the chorus. It will be a thing of joy to upset her dignity, for, like most converts, she is more of a lady than a lady, d'y'see. The party will be made up of about ten me's—ten dear old Bees, all of the very best—and about ten of the prettiest women in the crowd, sports all. And I'm now off to all the toy-shops within an easy walk, to buy up games and toys for the grown-ups, and one or two ponderous and grave things for the son and heir. Do you follow me?



[DRAWN BY BURTON.]

FIRST PICKPOCKET (at back of crowd): Done anything yet?

SECOND PICKPOCKET: Not yet. I'm waiting.

FIRST PICKPOCKET: What yer waiting for?

SECOND PICKPOCKET: The vociferous applause.



# THE CLUBMAN

WHEN BUONAPARTE WAS AT BOULOGNE—PREPARATIONS AGAINST INVASION—LORD ROBERTS'S APPEAL.

THOSE of us who remember intimate talk of the last fear of invasion that came upon England are grey-headed. That particular threat from France, though never a very serious one, resulted in the formation of the regiments of Volunteers, which have been merged this year into the Territorial Army. It is no use asking now how those gallant men in grey and green would have fared if pitted against the veteran soldiers of Napoleon I. Some of the Volunteers were excellent shots; some of them were a great deal more dangerous to their comrades than they would have been to any enemy. One of my boyhood's memories is of sitting by the bedside of an uncle, a keen civilian soldier, who at a field-day received in his back the wad of a blank-cartridge fired by his rear-rank man, and was very badly wounded. It would do all of us a great deal of good just now to realise the state in which the South of England was when Napoleon I. had his army at Boulogne and his flat-bottomed boats at Etaples; and the British ships cruising in the Channel did not seem to the Britons of that day a guarantee that they could sleep soundly in their beds.

I read somewhere—I think it was in a country house in Kent—a leaflet which gave official directions to the farmers of the southern counties as to what they were to do in case of a French invasion—how they were to burn all their hay and all their stored grain, and were to drive their cattle northwards, leaving nothing behind them which could serve as food for man or beast. The countrymen, when they received these notices, must have felt that invasion was no mere bogey, and must have joined very heartily in the prayers which were offered up for clear weather and fresh breezes, which would keep the Grande Armée on its hill and the flat-bottomed boats in the estuaries of the rivers.

Wellington in those days was living in a little house at Hastings: the military canal which runs past Hythe had been dug in order that the French, when they did land, should have an awkward ditch to cross before they got well inland; and the martello-towers, each with its popgun, guarded the stretches of beach most exposed to a landing, and would have been of little more use than they would be now against the ships' guns which would batter them. I fancy the farmers and the Yeomanry and the veterans who knew what it was to stand rigid as a target

to receive the enemy's fire, and then to cross bayonets with an infantry that never gave ground till half its men were out of action, must have breathed a great sigh of relief when the Grande Armée received orders to march for the German frontier, and the flat-bottomed boats were scrap-heaped, and felt relief in spite of the fact that our frigates could always be seen from Shakespeare's Cliff and the downs above Folkestone.

Lord Roberts tells us we are not safe from invasion unless we are prepared on land to repel attack; and although he shouts as loudly as possible, because he has to awaken sleepers, he, our greatest soldier, is really only telling us more emphatically what Mr. Haldane has said. We do not like to listen to anything that is disagreeable, and we have already forgotten that not so many years ago a war against a small South African Republic drained England of all her Regular troops, of the best of her Yeomanry regiments, and of the smartest men of her Volunteer corps. There was talk then of a friendly remonstrance with Great Britain as to the inconvenience that her war was causing to Europe, and a suggestion was on the point of being made that a date should be fixed for its termination. At the same time, as many foreigners as the Transvaalers were willing to employ were pouring into South Africa, and our searching of ships only gave the Continental nations a grievance which might easily have been converted into a casus belli.

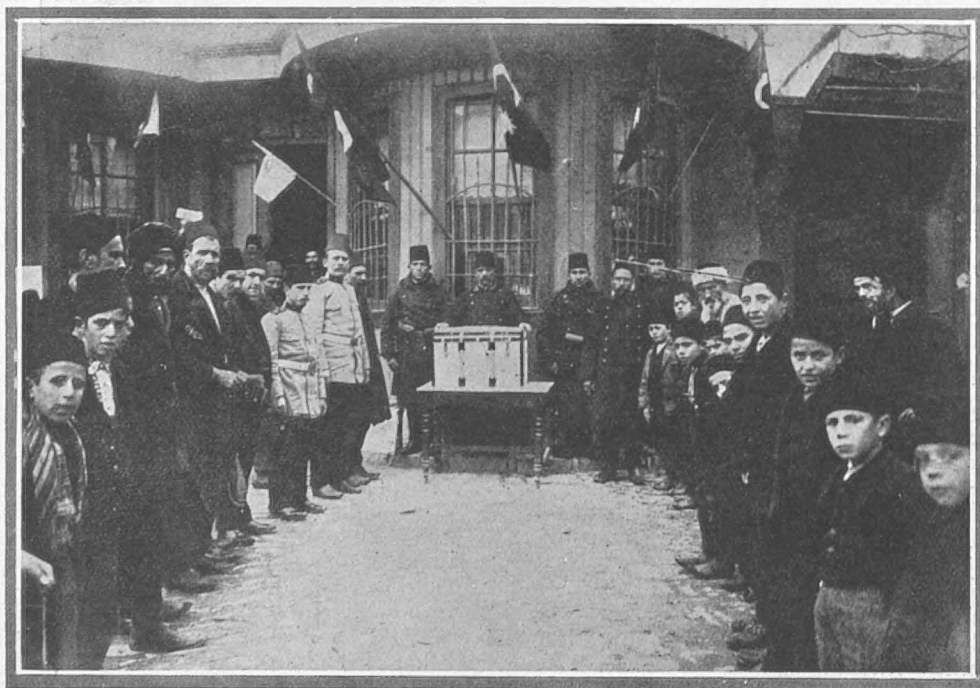
Suppose that at that time eight thousand trained soldiers of a foreign Power working in England as waiters, employed in shops, gaining their daily bread by ordinary means, had seized one of our fortresses (such things have happened before now in history, and might well happen again), and suppose that ten times their number, awaiting the coup, had concentrated to support them, where would have been our forces to drive out of our country even such an insignificant army as this? The farms would have been raided, and every horse and every animal that would have served for food would have been driven off from an immense area before the farmers knew that any unusual event

had occurred. These things are not probable, but they are possible, and therefore it seems to me that Lord Roberts is right in appealing to the country to make them impossible.



WATERING THE WALRUSES: WALRUSES AT THE "ZOO" AFTER A LAPSE OF FORTY YEARS.

Until the other day the "Zoo" had not been able to boast the possession of a walrus for forty years. The newcomers, who are youngsters, rather under a year old, were captured in Arctic waters by the crew of a whaler. They seem to be settling down in their new quarters in the most satisfactory manner.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AN OCCASION FOR TURKISH DELIGHT: VOTING IN THE STREET FOR THE FIRST MEMBERS OF THE FIRST TURKISH PARLIAMENT.

For the first time Turks have been voting for the election of members to a Parliament, and thus ending once and for all the autocracy of the Sultan. The urns in which the votes were placed were stationed in the streets, and were carefully guarded by soldiers. The women of Turkey are showing revolutionary tendencies also, and it is reported that not only have they discarded veils, but that they are lecturing in public and forming clubs. Our photograph shows voting in Constantinople.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



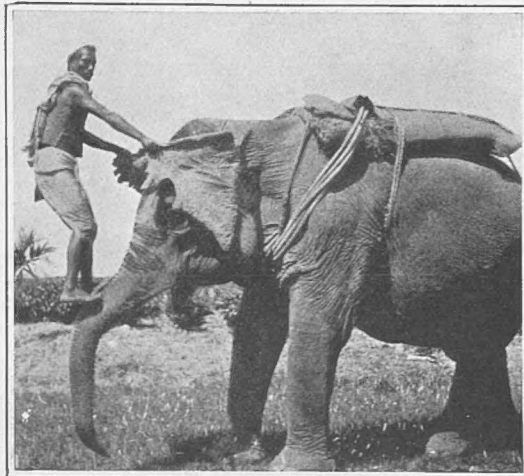
OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



LEARNING TO BANDAGE BY PRACTISING ON DUMMY LEGS.

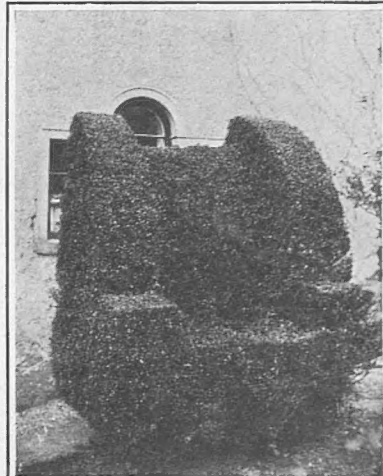
Our photograph shows nurses at the London Hospital learning the art of bandaging.

*Photograph by A. Ulllyett.*



THE EASIEST WAY TO MOUNT AN ELEPHANT.

Elephant willing, the easiest way to mount Jumbo's back is by holding on to his ears and using the trunk as a step. This step the sagacious elephant soon learns to provide willingly.



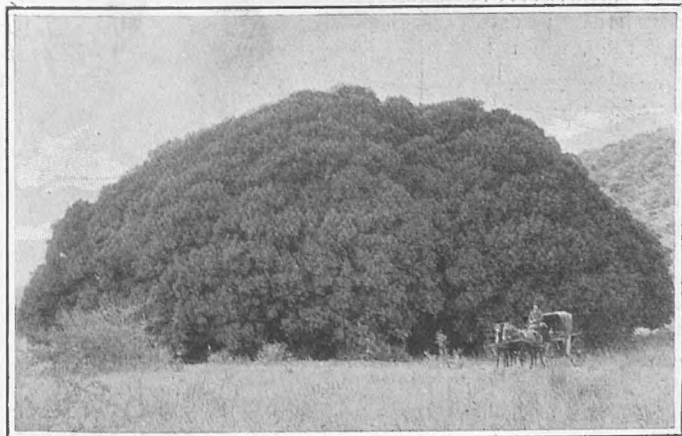
THE TOPSY AMONG GARDEN-SEATS: A CHAIR THAT HAS "GROWN."

The seat, which is of yew, has, like Topsy, "grown." It is to be seen at Holker, near Grange.—[*Photograph by W. H. Knowles.*]



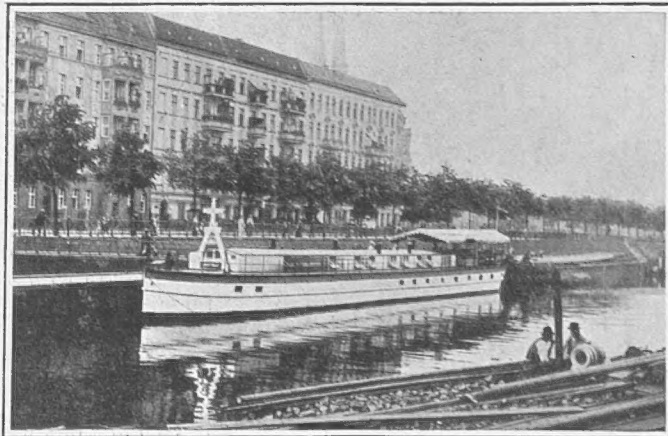
AN OPERATING-ROOM AND CONSULTING-ROOM IN AN HOTEL: THE HOSPITAL IN THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Perhaps the most unique feature of the equipment of the famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, is the special hospital-room for emergency cases. In this room the physician and surgeon attached to the hospital attend regularly.—[*Photograph by F. Thompson.*]



A TREE WITH HUNDREDS OF ROOTS, NEAR PRETORIA.

The tree is known as the "wonder tree." The overhanging branches have a habit of growing downwards to the earth, and where they touch the soil they take root. Hence the enormous and ever-increasing girth of the tree.



A FLOATING CHURCH ON THE SPREE (BERLIN).

The interior of this floating church is fitted with an ornate altar. Services in it are attended by bargemen and their families and by fishermen, who, it is said, cannot be persuaded to go to the ordinary churches.—[*Photograph by D. Heyk.*]





ENGAGED TO THE HON. A. V. F. RUSSELL: MISS MARJORIE GUINNESS.

Mr. Russell is the fourth son of Emily Lady Amptill, one of Queen Alexandra's bridesmaids, and a godson of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick. Miss Marjorie Guinness is a daughter of the late Mr. Claud Guinness.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

was in attendance, of course, at the luncheon-table at which a few of their Lordships seated themselves at the conclusion of the conclave; but even there a note of abstemiousness marked the festivities. Never, perhaps, has a luncheon-party, even in a century of sobriety, been so, resolutely sober. It might almost have been thought that the eight Peers who disagreed with Lord Lansdowne's motion dominated the table. But those eight had sought the consolation of their own luncheons.

*At the Roman Court.* If the reigning family of Italy have been magnanimously ready to welcome a bride of "no family," technically so called, it is not that birth is less considered in Rome than at St. James's; for the Italian royalty has really been hitherto more exclusive than the English. But it is nevertheless much simpler. Queen Elena's reception of distinguished visitors admitted to an audience is absolutely plain. There is no ceremonial except the mere rite of introduction, after which even the lady-in-waiting retires. The Queen stands before a background of flowering plants in her reception-room in the Quirinal. You note that flowers are never omitted. Thus erect, she admits her visitor to several minutes' simple conversation—about the foreigner's country, about Rome, and generally at last about the Queen's children. Even the slightest state-ness that comes of a little royal shyness in the case of the Queen is absent from the King's manner towards visitors of his own. "And don't forget me," he said lately, finishing a conversation with an English stranger. Now whatever else we may say or do about crowned Kings, we none of us pretend to forget them.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT H. H. TATHAM: MISS MARJORIE IRWIN DAY.

Miss Day is the daughter of Mrs. MacDonagh. Lieutenant Tatham is attached to H.M.S. "Albemarle," of the Atlantic Fleet. —[Photograph by Lafayette.]

## SMALL TALK

**L**ORD LANSDOWNE, when he spoke to over two hundred of his party peers last week, paid an almost unconscious tribute to—water! With the words that sealed the doom of the Licensing Bill upon his lips, he coughed and sought relief from the kindly jug and tumbler which is the sign and the pledge on all platforms that they are, in their own way, teetotal. The polite Bacchus of modern society

the Duke of the Abruzzi has sent the lady a ring which cost £1000, and that is about a three-weeks slice of his yearly income of £14,000.

*One of Our Conquerors.*

Mme. Novikoff loves politics because she is a patriot, and not for any manish tendency to public life. She is feminine to the finger-tips—very beautiful finger-tips, too;

and she is decidedly a woman

ONE OF THE MOST MYSTERIOUS OF THE WORLD'S DIPLOMATISTS: MME. NOVIKOFF.

Mme. Novikoff, one of the most interesting personalities in the world of international politics, is now in this country. It is interesting to know that she is not a politician alone; her love of music is great. She has been, and in great degree still is, a charming singer.



A LITTLE GIRL AS A LITTLE BOY: JOAN, ONLY CHILD OF SIR JOHN AND LADY DICKSON POYNTER.

Photograph by Lottie Charles.

erect, she admits her country, about Rome, and generally at last about the Queen's children. Even the slightest state-ness that comes of a little royal shyness in the case of the Queen is absent from the King's manner towards visitors of his own. "And don't forget me," he said lately, finishing a conversation with an English stranger. Now whatever else we may say or do about crowned Kings, we none of us pretend to forget them.

*Jewels to the Jewelled.* When Miss Elkins comes to Rome, and has her first talk with the Queen, this will be the entirely unformidable ceremonial to be observed. Meanwhile,

Lady Anne Lambton, who all sat together, recover from the fatigues of the wedding.

*A Goulden Thought.* If there is one thing that made Sir Francis Carruthers Gould feel himself to be a comparatively youthful person yesterday, when he celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday, it was the thought that he was younger—by only by twenty-four hours—than the Queen. Still younger, by a year and some days, is another gentleman who has spent endless hours in the morosely foul atmosphere of the House of Commons. On the 5th, "Toby, M.P.," is—could you credit it?—sixty-three.

*Watching Before Wedding.*

Miss Cicely Horner was really the most interested observer at the wedding of Lord Glamis and Lady Dorothy Osborne, who made so charming a bride that her future aunt by marriage was delighted to attend what may be regarded as a rehearsal of her own "marriage lines." Miss Horner sat with her husband-elect, Mr. George Lambton, and added her own beauty and distinction to the group of ladies of the family circle she will shortly adorn—the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Robert Cecil. The Duchess has gone to Bordighera to



ENGAGED TO MR. PERCY CUTHBERT QUILTER: MISS CLAIRE TUDWAY.

Miss Tudway is well known in Somerset society. Mr. Quilter is the fourth son of the well-known collector, Sir William Cuthbert Quilter. —[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



## THE HUNGARIAN HEIRESS WHO HAS ELOPED.



COUNTESS ANTAL SIGRAY (FORMERLY COUNTESS MARIA HARNOUCOURT), WHO ELOPED THE OTHER DAY WITH COUNT ANTAL SIGRAY, AND HAS MARRIED HIM.

Count Felix Harnoucourt, one of the richest nobles of Hungary, refused to allow his daughter Maria to marry Count Antal Sigray; and, indeed, fought a duel about this very subject with his daughter's lover—so says the "Daily Mail." Therefore, Count Antal and Countess Maria decided to elope, and promptly did so.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED BY THE  
TSAR: THE GRAND DUCHESS  
CYRIL OF RUSSIA.

The marriage of Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia displeased the Tsar greatly, and his Majesty has only just repented him of the attitude he took up at the time of the ceremony. The Grand Duchess's first husband was the Grand Duke of Hesse.

Photograph by Uhlenhuth.

neighbour. The similitude holds, for the house was finally destroyed by breakers—that is, by honest 'house-breakers.' Against these belittling addresses may be pitted a decidedly enlarging and liberated one. "A famous house in a famous square" was Lord Crewe's description of Lansdowne House. But it was not a patch on the famous "a palace in a garden" — Disraeli's synonym for the royal residence at Kensington.

*His-Story.* The Earl of Granard, whose career as a politician and as a potential husband becomes more and more interesting, is said to have owed his introduction to official life altogether to an accident. The story currently told by charming young ladies over suppers is itself so charming as to deserve a record, if only as that of admirable invention. The young, the very young, peer was laying down the law about Army reform at mess one evening, and a practical joke

## CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE Queen's good-natured localising address for Buckingham Palace, "in front of Goring's," which was first given to this column and has gone the newspaper round, recalls an unpublished witticism, so to call it, of the late Duke of Cambridge. One of his favourite sallies was to describe his house in Piccadilly to intending visitors as "Three doors from that d—d newspaper fellow." Needless to say, the "d—d" was wholly complimentary to his friend Lord Glenesk, whose palace certainly did despite to the overgrown sort of seaside lodging-house that was then its

laugh, and then: "And a very nice young fellow, too; I'll take him for a Lord-in-Waiting." History may be left to take up the tale at this point. Everybody knows what a success in all sorts of important affairs (one of them an affair of the heart) the handsome young soldier has since become.

"Bored." Of course, one gives under all reserve stories of words spoken in semi-privacy by kings. But when it is only one word, and that a little one, the compunction of the repeater may be reduced almost to vanishing point. When Sir Edward



OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED BY THE  
TSAR: THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL  
OF RUSSIA.

Soon after his marriage, in 1905, the Grand Duke Cyril was dismissed by the Tsar from his appointments and banished from Russia. The Tsar has now relented, and the Grand Duke has taken his place in the Russian army again, and has again become personal aide-de-camp to his Imperial Majesty.

Photograph by Uhlenhuth.

Bradford was effusively interrogated as to the circumstances under which he lost one of his arms (it was, in fact, tiger-food), he used to reply laconically, "Gnawed." And when the other day a rather indiscreet courtier pressed King Edward VII. as to the emotions aroused by the continued discussion of recent "Words of William," his Majesty, too, took refuge in a monosyllable: "Bored."

*Beauchamp's Career.* Earl Beauchamp, if the present season is a true indication, is in agreement with but half of the frequently quoted saying that the ideal of social happiness is to be asked everywhere and to go nowhere. Hot from shooting or feasting at Windsor Castle, he is cool and courteous alike at a Mayfair tea-party or at political gatherings at the clubs. He has had long experience in few years of the gentle art of converse with his fellow-men; tact made him an admirable President of the Oxford Union, and, with the



A GRAND DUKE'S CHILDREN WHO HAVE APPEARED IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, COUNTESS TORBY, AND THEIR CHILDREN, THE COUNTESSSES ZIA AND NADA, AND COUNT MICHAEL.

It was arranged that the young Count and the two young Countesses should appear in the amateur theatrical performance given yesterday (Tuesday) in aid of the Cripples' Guild.—[Photograph by Gabell.]

thereupon suggested itself to his rather bored brother-officers. They sent him a telegram purporting to offer him a seat at the War Office in the Government then in course of formation. The delighted young man called on the brand-new Premier in Belgrave Square, whom he thanked profusely for his discriminating perspicacity. The Premier was stolid, and then the bogus telegram was produced. A little later in the day the Prime Minister was at Buckingham Palace and told the story to the King. There was a right royal

repute of being at once an admirable and staunch Tory, a Churchman, and—Socialist, he exchanged views, if not sides, with many and various University men. At Oxford his library was found to be, like its owner, extremely interesting; and "Not in" was an answer seldom accepted at his room by friends who discovered that waiting an hour among his books was an hour well spent. There are still many chapters of the new "Beauchamp's Career" to be enacted, and none of them will be uninteresting.



THE MOST PHILANTHROPIC OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS: PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Princess Alexander of Teck is one of the most systematic of Royal philanthropists, and may truly be said to find less pleasure in pleasure than in work.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



PEERESS AND AUTHOR OF TWO NEW COMEDIES: LADY GALWAY.

Two comedies from Lady Galway's pen, "My Lady's Garden" and "His Wedded Wife," will be presented in the private theatre of Serlby Hall next month. Lady Galway is actress as well as playwright.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



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THE GREATEST PROBLEM OF "THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES."



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS DOROTHY FARINGAY IN "THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

1. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS DOROTHY FARINGAY.
2. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS EDWARD THURSFIELD.
3. MR. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS AS PETER HOLLAND.
4. MR. WILLIAM FARREN AS SIR HENRY KILICK.

Dorothy Faringay's brother, Arnold, has misappropriated certain funds of his firm, and Dorothy, to save him, goes to Montreux, where she knows she will meet Edward Thursfield, one of the heads of her brother's firm, that she may fascinate him, and so be in a position to influence him when her brother makes the inevitable confession. She is engaged to Walter Gresham, and she does not break off the engagement. Indeed, it is her intention to marry Gresham, and she proposes to throw over Edward Thursfield as soon as he has done what she wants. There comes a day when it is necessary that Edward shall be introduced to her family, represented by her aunt. The second fiancé is received graciously, and all is going well, when enter the first fiancé, and much tribulation. Thursfield breaks off the engagement immediately, and tells Dorothy what he thinks of her. Meantime, Dorothy has actually fallen in love with this famous builder of bridges. She tells him so, and is not believed. In the end, she is able to prove that she has always loved Edward, and, presumably, they live happy ever after.

*Other Illustrations on Page 10 of Supplement. Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**A Stagey Stage Romance.**

None of the romances which the latest Society-Stage wedding has recalled equals the strangeness of one recorded by Sims Reeves. A friend of his, when a youth, married a beautiful dancer. As he was French and a minor, the marriage, having been contracted without his parents' consent, did not count. They shipped him off to the East, and disposed of the unhappy lady by getting her convicted of stealing a valuable ring belonging to the bridegroom's father, which she swore that her husband had given her. She was transported to New Caledonia, whence came news, some time later, of her death. The bridegroom forgot his heartache, married a second time, and became the father of a son, who was nineteen years old when another theatrical star and Sims Reeves came into the story. The boy had been paying his addresses to the beauty, though her age was uncertain; and had actually given her the fatal ring which had caused all the misery before he was born. The distracted father, accompanied by the tenor, went to beg her to release the boy and restore the ring. The boy she did not want, she said; but part from the ring she never would. It was to get the ring that she had received the boy's addresses. It was that ring, which she was falsely accused of stealing, that had sent her to a penal settlement. The première danseuse of the earlier day and the 'tragedy queen upon whom the youth had now fixed his affections were one and the same. The boy was sent about his business, but the ring went with her to the grave.

**That Which Is Not.** The centre of gravity in the matter of "conversations" with the German Emperor has shifted from London to New York, where each paper in turn has been giving the "correct card" of the Kaiser's utterances. Berlin has contradicted as heartily as New York has affirmed, and somebody is evidently telling what the punctilious Houyhnhnms would describe as "that which is not." Bismarck had a circuitous description of his own and his Sovereign's powerfullying. "During my diplomatic career I have always sought after truth," he used to say; but sometimes we—that is, he and the then Emperor—"were both forced by circumstances to depart publicly a little from the straight line." It was no trouble to Bismarck, but he declared that the Emperor would flush up and avert his head. Other Sovereigns with whom the Chancellor had, to deal were

less distressed. They lied to him like blacks, but he excused them. Kings, he said, are so accustomed to see everything they say accepted as incontrovertible truth that they easily fall into the danger of thinking that they have really done that which they wisely ought to have done.



THE MODERN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN: A SECTION OF THE TRUNK OF A CALIFORNIA REDWOOD TREE USED AS A LOG-CABIN IN A PARK AT DETROIT.

Photograph by Parkinson.

was in entire accord. Sir Gabriel's political life, begun when he was close on seventy, lasted five years. His all but counterpart in name, Sir Henry Storks, was still later—seventy-two—when he first made his bow before the House; and he confessed that after a long sitting he used to say, as he shaved before his glass in the morning, "Good morning, you — old fool!"

**A Fair Exchange?** As Ireland is to get enough money to establish a full-blown National Debt, in order that her tenants may become landlords and her landlords tenants, there really ought to be a better feeling between the two classes. It is preposterous that enmity should continue when, for good or ill, such a vast sum is being handed round. But they do not really love one another, the tenant and his landlord. Typical of many a district was the little scene witnessed when a boycotted landlord, escorted by two armed constables, passed a cottage on his estate. "Long life to your honour!" said the woman at the door. "That is a strange salutation from you," he said grimly, "seeing that it is your husband and a few like him that make it necessary for me to walk about



"THE LITTLE MILLINER": A CARICATURE IN PLASTER.

Photograph by Zander and Larisch from the models by Leonard.

with this guard." "Och, now," responded the woman gaily, "if he's for shooting yer honour wan day, sure it's layin' down his life for ye he'd be the next." True, but the second proposition would be at the executioner's bidding.



JOHNSON'S FUNERAL MARCH.



JIM THE STABLE-BOY: My word, Sir, you 'ave given the 'orse a doing up. Why, he's fairly "run out!"

JOHNSON THE PATRON: Well, you see, I drove to my aunt's funeral, and I had to keep up with the hearse for decency's sake.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHILE playing *Electra* at the New Theatre, in conjunction with W. B. Yeats's legendary verse play, "Deirdre," Mrs. Patrick Campbell will often remember the sensational incident which occurred on the occasion of the first performance at Southport of Mr. Arthur Symons' translation of Hugo Von Hofmannsthal's tragedy founded on the old Greek story. Towards the end of the play, Mrs. Patrick Campbell had to take down a torch from a bracket by the doorway. As she did so, the light came into contact with her hair and set fire to it. Without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Campbell tried to put out the fire with her hands. She succeeded in doing this, but some of the burning hair fell on her robe and set it alight. This fire was extinguished by people at the wings. Fortunately, Mrs. Campbell did not lose her presence of mind for a moment. In this she differed from the rest of the audience, several of whom rose in their places, while ladies cried, "Won't someone go to her?" Amid the general consternation, the actress was probably the coolest person in the theatre, and did what she could to relieve the tension of the situation by saying, "Don't be alarmed. I am all right." At the end of the play she received a remarkable ovation, and the audience refused to be quiet until she had made a short speech, in which she assured them she had not been in the least hurt.

To be urged to stop an incipient panic in a theatre by a member of the audience is an experience which does not often fall to an actress. It happened, however, a few years ago, to Miss Grace Lane, now at the Criterion Theatre, when she was playing Lady Babbie in the provincial tour of "The Little Minister." It was at Folkestone, and suddenly, without any warning, someone in the audience uttered the ominous word "Fire!" In a moment the audience jumped to their feet, and some started to the door. Then a clergyman sitting in the front row advanced a little and shouted: "For heaven's sake, Miss Lane, go on with your part!" Miss Lane did not need the admonition. At the cry of "Fire!" instead of looking behind, and thereby appearing to give credence to the report, she stood still, looking at the actor who was on his knees at her feet, for they had just reached the proposal scene, and she was saying, "A minister's

wife—if you knew how unfit." Miss Lane repeated the line. Then, realising that it was useless to go on with the play while the audience was moving about, she kept on repeating the words more and more loudly, until at last she was shouting them at the top of her voice. Her coolness, and that of her companion, and the persistence with which they were apparently continuing their work gradually made the audience realise that there was no cause for fear, and it settled down, after a while, to allow the play to finish, though much of its ultimate effect was naturally lost. The incident did not end there, for before she left the town Miss Lane received a charming letter from the clergyman,

which he made his appearance by a remarkable piece of luck. He was originally intended to "grow things," and to that end was working on a market-garden in Heathfield, Sussex. A performance of "Box and Cox" was got up in the village hall on one occasion, and he appeared in the first-named character with such success that an old

gentleman went up to him and said, "You remind me very strongly of Macready, and I am sure you ought to go on the stage." As Macready was a tragedian and Box is a comedy part, the compliment was rather a doubtful one. Be that as it may, a little while later Mr. Douglas came to London and told his mother

he did not intend to go back to Heathfield and market-gardening, but he did intend to turn his attention to the stage. His half-sister, Miss Maude Millett, sent him off to see Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, who was then managing the Court. Mr. Chudleigh was very sorry he could hold out no hopes of an engagement to the Macready-like young comedian. Ten minutes after he left, Mr. Weedon Grossmith arrived at the theatre, and went into Mr. Chudleigh's room to ask whether he knew of anyone who could play the bullying Bullock Major in "The New Boy," which he was going to rehearse for immediate production. "The very chap has just left the room," said Mr. Chudleigh. Mr. Grossmith got the address, jumped into a cab, drove off to Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and engaged him there and then.

The play was originally produced at Eastbourne. In the second act there were two scenes in Mr. Douglas's part which were very much alike. On the first night, probably through nervousness, when he went on the stage in the second act, instead of beginning with the first scene, he began with the second. His companions took up the cues he gave them, with the result that they acted the second of the "Bullock Major" scenes where they should have played the first. The drawback to the situation was that in the first scene the whole of the plot of the play was outlined, and the audience therefore never knew anything about what was going to happen until it did happen. The second scene played much shorter than the first, and it was only when Mr. Douglas went off the stage that he realised what he had done. He went up to Mr. Arthur Law, the author, and told him. "I am very much obliged to you," replied Mr. Law, and that was the only comment he made on the unfortunate occurrence.



Miss Mary Whiting.

Miss Nora Nagle.

THE WEARY AND WEDDED BOSUN OF THE "JAUNTY JANE," AND THE PICCANINNIES WITH WHOM HE DISCUSSES THE WOES OF MATRIMONY.

Mr. Alfred Lester's talk on matrimony is one of the funniest things in "Havana."

Photographs by Foulsham and Hanfield.

thanking her for the way in which she had risen to the emergency.

On this occasion, Miss Lane's partner in the scene was Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who is now her partner for life, for in private life they are husband and wife, and have a splendid little son of about a year old. In the days of that episode, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who, no one will need reminding, is in the cast of "Mrs. Dot," at the Comedy, had only been a few years on the stage, on



"SAL," BY PHIL.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY THE LATE PHIL MAY: A LONDON TYPE.

This drawing forms a companion to the one of "Arry," published in last week's issue.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

GENERAL society talks less about books than it used to talk—that, at least, is my impression. I notice the fact, if it be a fact, when I sit down to write this column, and try to think what current books are being talked about, so that I may write, if I can, about what may be interesting to the current reader. It may be merely, of course, that my own little corner of general society is less literary than it was. In any case, I don't seem to hear, "Have you read So-and-So's latest?" or other such questions, as often as I used.



THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE TURNS": MR. FILSON YOUNG.

A new novel by Mr. Filson Young, author of "The Sins of Pleasure," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards. It bears the title, "When the Tide Turns."

Photograph by Russell.

that he seldom read a French book, and had to brace himself for the effort. To such a reader, at the risk of all the other readers despising me, I extend a sympathetic hand. I quite understand his position, I am even a little that way myself. I admit frankly that I read French much more slowly than I read English, and therefore, though I do not hesitate about reading French books I know are worth while—such books as "L'Île des Pingouins," for example—I do hesitate about probably mediocre books, because I cannot read them in the swift and cursory way which serves me for their equivalents, intellectually or artistically, in English.

It is the result of our boasted Public-School and University education, as it was when I was submitted to it. One learned other things—a few—but one did not learn French. We were supposed to learn it, or at least the supposition was possible, since there were French masters able and ready to teach it on the premises—at least, at my school; I never heard of them at college. But we paid no attention to them, and no one compelled us to do so. A boy with a strong desire to learn, and a strong will to boot, might have learned in spite of the other boys—perhaps: I never saw such a boy in my time, and certainly was not he myself. How men of my age and educational antecedents, who have not happened to spend much time in France, know any French at all has always been a puzzle to me. In my case I seem to have breathed in from the general air somehow enough to read the books, old and new, I have wanted to read. But it's rather a shame, isn't it? However, the deficiency enables me to ingratiate myself with the reader who has no sympathy from superior writers.

Even now, though, from time to time some one book takes the floor, so to speak, for a season, and you hear it mentioned wherever people talk about literature at all; and at the present moment "Have you read 'L'Île des Pingouins'?" is a pretty general question. Well, have you? Probably yes; but it is possible that here and there a reader, if he told me the true truth, honest Injun, would reply that he intended to do so, but

I wonder, by the way, if it is this omission in education that makes some men so proud of being able to talk a little French? It has always seemed to me a rather trivial accomplishment to pride oneself on, and rather a common one too, for whatever be the case with Englishmen, all educated Englishwomen talk French—or are supposed to. But in the same way one meets men who are obviously proud of their familiarity with Paris restaurants and theatres, as though Paris were in Tibet. It is curious.

But to return to "L'Île des Pingouins." You must read it, whether your French be much or little. It is M. Anatole France at his satirical best. The penguins are men. Their island is France, but much of the satire applies to all our contemporary civilisation; perhaps—and this is the saddest thought about the book—to all possible civilisations. I do not know that it is in this—more or less—Swiftian mode that M. France makes his surest appeal to me personally. The tenderness of



A WIELDER OF PUCK'S PENCIL: MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM.

Mr. Arthur Rackham has just added to the number of published volumes of his work a characteristically illustrated edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Photograph by Russell.

his M. Bergeret is more intimately to my mind. But that he is a great satirist—it may be, the greatest living—is not to be disputed. For Englishmen that satire may be rather wasted when it is spent over the Dreyfus case, as it is, once more, in much of this book; but then M. France writes for Frenchmen first, and with them it must still be otherwise. And even if we do not now follow all that with interest, we must still applaud M. France for the civic virtue and courage which took him into the arena. It was a good example to our own men of letters, with whom political ignorance and indifference are far too common—though I hope they won't all go into the House of Commons in my time.

One last word about reading French. No doubt, "L'Île des Pingouins," like other works of its author, will be translated into English. I do not like to discourage honest toil, but is there anyone—even an ill-educated one like myself—if he can care for M. France at all, who would not better struggle with the French as best he may, yea, even with a dictionary? He may miss something of the meaning, but he need not miss, as he must in a translation, the spirit and grace.

There is another collection out of delightful verses—Mr. Owen Seaman's "Salvage" (Constable). To edit *Punch* must be a most difficultly delicate and responsible business, and to do it with such success as Mr. Seaman both deserves and commands every week would be work enough for a man, one would think; but Mr. Seaman gives us, over and above—though not often enough—copies of verses, fresh as of old in humour, and beautiful as of old in technical accomplishment. It is good to have another bundle of them.—N. O. I.



THE AUTHOR OF "L'ÎLE DE VOLUPTÉ": MME. MYRIAM HARRY.

Mme. Harry, already well known in this country as the author of "La Conquête de Jérusalem," is also the author of a romance of passion which bears the title, "L'Île de Volupté," and has just been issued. The action of the story takes place on the sea and in Ceylon.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



SEEKING SPIRITS — WITHOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE SÉANCE.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE EDITORIAL "WE."

By EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

THE Editor sat in his big arm-chair in his big private room. The Editor was a great man. He controlled millions—of readers. His outlook on the world was tinged with that good-natured irony which comes of a profound knowledge of its weaknesses and a rather burdensome consciousness of his own superiority to them.

He was immeasurably wise—yet bearing his wisdom modestly, as a possession rather to be deprecated than displayed. He was twenty-four years old. At that age Pitt was Prime Minister of England. Once or twice in a century there is born into the world some such wise young man. And the Editor might be said to be—as, indeed, he continually admitted to himself that he was—a singular illustration of this truth. For, next to the management of the Empire, the management of a London daily paper is without doubt an undertaking that demands the exercise of the very highest human ingenuity. Indeed, it is open to question whether of the two the editorship of a daily paper is not the more arduous and responsible task.

The Editor had himself confessed, in a moment of expansiveness, that he would have preferred to accept the less exacting duties of the Premier rather than the anxious cares of editorship. It seemed, indeed (from the manner in which he said it), that only by the merest accident had the choice of the two alternatives been denied him.

He sat now pondering deeply, with a cigar between his lips and his feet balanced delicately on the edge of the fender, behind which a large and cheerful fire blazed. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the Editor (who had relegated his night duties to the managing editor and had spent the previous evening in mild relaxation at the theatre) had strolled down to the office to see that the gigantic machine of the paper had commenced without a hitch to run its smooth diurnal course.

Oddly enough, however, the Editor's thoughts, as he gazed inscrutably at the fire, were not engaged upon the affairs of the newspaper at that moment. Still more oddly (as it might have seemed to an outsider), the paper did not appear to suffer in any marked degree from this editorial neglect, but proceeded on its accustomed course with a certain supreme independence of its own, while the Editor pondered on that singular predisposition to one of humanity's most common weaknesses which had lately made itself felt in his bosom.

This predisposition had become sensibly aggravated within the past few weeks by frequent contact with an inflammatory Cause. And it was with something almost akin to alarm that the Editor suddenly realised the full gravity of the position in which he found himself—an alarm that was, however, not unpleasantly tempered with a perception of the extreme softness of a pair of blue eyes, and the melody of a laugh that even now rang silvery-sweet in his ears. He indulged himself agreeably with this fancy till, smiling, he could almost bring his senses to imagine that he actually heard the laugh. And, by the most remarkable coincidence in the world, a moment later he did hear it. He started from his chair, his cigar dropped from his lips, the door opened, and a slight, radiant figure of a girl stood on the threshold, contemplating him with an arch smile.

"You see I have come!" she said, nodding at the Editor. "I took you at your word last night. And I have come— You don't seem pleased to see me," she added with slight surprise.

There was a sound of rapidly retreating footsteps down the passage as the door closed, and smothered laughter by no means silvery.

The Editor blushed, stammered, took a step forward. In spite of his age and wisdom, he was constitutionally a shy man. The unparalleled incongruity of a young girl's presence in an editor's

sanctum struck him as something amounting almost to sacrilege. Moreover, what would the staff think?—or, much worse, what would the staff *say*? The next instant an access of delirious recklessness caused him to consign the staff, its thoughts and words, to the lowest perdition; in the light of those blue eyes he could bask superior to the opinions of any staff.

"I never for a moment dreamed—" he began, holding out his hand.

"That I would come?" she said, letting her little fingers rest an instant in his palm. "It's rather wrong—perhaps a little improper—" She hesitated doubtfully. "Is that what you mean?"

"Oh—no—no!" he protested.

"Besides, my aunt will be here directly," she explained. "I left her in the brougham; she promised to return in five minutes."

"Your aunt!" exclaimed the Editor. "Pray sit down. I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you. My only regret is—" He waved his hand round the room and shrugged his shoulders apologetically.

"You needn't," she replied vaguely. "It's a lovely little den—that's the right word, isn't it—den? I have always longed, you know, to see exactly what a newspaper office was like." She gazed round the apartment critically. "After all, it's rather like an ordinary smoking-room," she added, with the least tinge of disappointment in her tone.

"Oh, yes," he agreed amiably, "it's—er—only a room, of course. And one occasionally smokes here—you don't object to the smell of smoke, I hope?"

"No—I like it."

She leaned back in a huge easy-chair, from the depths of which she looked up at the Editor from under half-closed lids.

"You never expected I would come," she remarked oracularly.

"I expect least what I hope most," he answered with uncommon address. "The pleasure is all the greater," he added.

"If a gentleman invites me to visit him," said the girl solemnly, "I always conclude he wishes me to do so, and I—sometimes—accept."

"You have placed me under the very deepest obligation by accepting—this time," he assured her earnestly.

"Well, that's nice of you," said she. "But are you sure I am not interrupting you in your work? An editor is always such a frightfully busy person. If I am interrupting you—"

"You are not," he replied with decision.

"Do you know," she went on, while her blue eyes dwelt seriously on his face, "there is something rather mysterious, rather awesome, to me about editors: I have always looked upon them as such fearfully important persons before—"

"Before?" queried the Editor.

"I mean," she explained, "before the Editorial Idea took actual bodily shape and presented itself to my astonished vision in the guise of an actual acquaintance. Naturally you would not wish me to regard *you* as an Editorial Idea?"

"By no means," said the Editor.

"Or as a mere Mystery, symbolised by the Editorial 'We'?"

"Less still as a mystery," he protested. "But," he went on with dignity, "it is possible, is it not, to be of some importance without being either a Mystery or an Idea?"

"I suppose it is possible," she agreed doubtfully. "But, tell me, what does an editor really do?"

"He controls the paper," said the Editor, swelling a little.

"How lovely! And do you write most of it?"

"Write most of it?" repeated the Editor, with a shocked

[Continued overleaf.]



HOOTS !



THE OFFICIAL (to the lady with the ear-trumpet) : One toot, an' ye're oot.

DRAWN BY P. BAYNES.

expression. "No. An editor never writes. He engages other men to write for him."

"How delightful! And all those men I ran up against on the stairs and in the passages as I was shown along just now to your room—are they the people who write the paper for you?"

"They were most of them reporters," he explained good-naturedly. "They collect news. They are clever, intelligent fellows."

"Yes," was her absent-minded rejoinder; "they all looked at me, I noticed."

"A newspaper office," he replied, "is not often honoured by the visit of an angel."

"Though you have devils here in plenty, I am told," she laughed, parrying the compliment. "But please tell me how you control the paper? Is a paper a difficult thing to control? Like a savage dog, for instance—or a horse?"

"It is difficult, certainly," he answered, smiling at her pretty naïveté. "The difficulties, indeed, are enormous!"—he held up his hands to express their magnitude. "You can't conceive!" he laughed in mock despair.

"Oh, I can," she replied, with confidence; and then rose suddenly to examine a map on the wall. "They must, of course, be immense," she smiled over her shoulder.

"That," he said, stepping to her side, "is part of them. A map of Europe, you see. One follows here from day to day the trend of foreign politics. Next to it a map of Asia—there you have the theatre of the Russo-Japanese War. Consider that the politics of all that vast area of the world have to be digested and compressed into the columns of a paper each day, and you have some idea of the magnitude of an editor's task."

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed slowly. "And you have to digest and compress all that—every day?"

The Editor coughed.

"Well—er—my foreign editor does," he explained. "A very able man. I leave it to him, and to our foreign correspondents."

"How nice," she remarked. "And you have a lot of lovely telegrams every day, too, don't you? At least, so I've heard."

"Hundreds!" he smiled. "But they are not invariably lovely."

"What fun it must be for you opening and reading them all," she observed enviously. "I think telegrams are so adorable."

"Oh, as to that—" the Editor shrugged his shoulders tolerantly. "The fact is," he added with a confidential smile, "I don't read them."

"Don't read them! Why—" she broke off in arch surprise, "But who *does*, then?" she inquired.

"They pass through the hands of the night staff," he explained, looking at her with a tender admiration. "My sub-editors manipulate all the general news—extraneous matter, telegrams, reports, current intelligence, and so forth. They are a very worthy set of fellows."

"They must be," she agreed brightly. "And the *particular* news—that, of course, *you* do?"

"I?" He looked into her simple blue eyes, and felt a wild desire to clasp her swiftly to his breast. "Oh, no. I have my staff of specialists, who deal with all that sort of thing. The cleverest men in London," he beamed.

"It's simply wonderful!" she ejaculated. "I had no idea that an editor had such tremendous responsibilities. And to think that you can discharge them all at a moment's notice!" She gazed at him with an expression of awe.

"Discharge them at a moment's notice—the responsibilities?" He smiled good-humouredly.

"Oh, no—I meant the men—the—er—'intelligent reporters,' the 'able foreign editor,' the 'correspondents,' the 'worthy sub-editors,' the 'clever specialists,' and the printers' devils."

"Of course," he said, a little stiffly, "I can discharge them if I wish to. That is part of an editor's duties."

She clapped her hands gleefully.

"Oh, now I begin to understand," she cried. "An editor's duty is to discharge the men that write the paper for him—isn't that it?"

"An editor's duty," he corrected her a trifle sternly, "is to exercise discretion in selecting the proper men to write the paper."

"Oh!" She paused a moment thoughtfully. "Then you selected all these—these proper men?"

"No," he answered. "They all happened to be here when I—er—came."

"And you are just waiting to—dismiss them again?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "You misapprehend entirely."

Her brows puckered into a dainty frown of perplexity.

"I am so sorry," she answered with a pretty show of penitence.

"But I do so want to understand. It's all so delightfully mysterious to—a silly, stupid girl—"

The Editor recovered his serenity in a moment; and, with it, some of his native bashfulness.

"Don't—don't say that," he stammered.

"Say what?" she asked, fixing him with her blue eyes.

"Silly—stupid!" he murmured. "Say rather—say—"

"Say what?" she repeated, suddenly dropping the blue eyes from his face to the ground.

"Adorable!" he suggested.

"Like the telegrams," she remarked softly—"that you never read."

"Like nothing in the world but—yourself!" he said with desperate audacity.

"Do you mean that *editorially*?" she demanded, drawing herself up.

"No—personally, I assure you," he exclaimed. "Will you—will you not regard me as a man—and not an editor—just for a few moments?"

"Just for a few moments," she said, smiling, "I will try. But I expect auntie will be here directly."

"Hang auntie!" muttered the Editor. Then he looked cautiously towards the door. It was firmly shut. "I want to ask you something," he said in a different tone.

She gave an odd little laugh and turned her face away.

"That seems only fair—perhaps," she said. "I have been asking *you* a lot of things. It's your turn now—till auntie comes."

"Well, then"—he drew a deep breath, and leant forwards. "I—it's not much, you know—but I . . . love you."

"Oh!" she cried. Then, after a pause, "That's not a question," she said softly.

The Editor pulled himself together. He stood squarely in front of her, with his hands in his pockets and his feet planted wide apart.

"Will you, marry me, Ethel?" he asked in a breath.

She looked at him an instant, with a mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes.

"I rather like you like that," she observed critically. "As an editor I—I'm afraid I don't think much of you. But as a man—"

"As a man?" he echoed, drawing her eagerly towards him.

Her head drooped sideways till it rested finally on the Editor's shoulder.

"You might be worse," she said.

"Then you won't—marry me?" he gasped in sudden alarm.

"I will," she whispered softly in his ear.

"But there is one thing you haven't yet told me," she said, five minutes later, "and I am dying to know. What does an editor *really* do for the paper?"

The Editor cast a quick, surreptitious glance at the door. Then he bent down close to her.

"He *reads* it," he said, lowering his voice mysteriously. "That's absolutely all he does; but, for heaven's sake, don't tell anyone."

"I won't," she said stoutly. "I promise."

The Editor drew a quick breath of relief.

"I believe I should make just as good an editor as you," she added, with conviction.

"I am certain you would," he said gallantly.

"Though I can't write a line."

"Nor can I," he confessed in a sudden burst of confidence. "I never could—no editor ever can."

"But I can read," she protested.

"Yes—nearly all editors can do that," he smiled.

"Then," she remarked, looking up at him with a pensive light in her eyes, "supposing we edit the paper together in the future—you and I?"

"We will!" he cried enthusiastically. "We will, dear—over the breakfast-table—every morning!"

"Oh," she exclaimed, swiftly withdrawing her lips from his, "there's auntie. I can hear her voice outside—"

He started to his feet and jumped to the telephone.

"Shall I tell the news editor to detain her," he asked hurriedly, "in his room—for ten minutes?"

"The news editor!" she repeated. "Who's he?"

"A most capable fellow," said the Editor. "He takes entire charge of the paper during the day. I'll just tell him—to take charge of your aunt too . . ."

"No," cried she, "it's too late."

The door opened suddenly. A plump, matronly lady sailed into the room, then paused midway and looked from the Editor to the girl.

"Dear me!" she said. "I am afraid I have kept you waiting quite a long time. I trust Ethel has not been disturbing you in your work, Mr. Lorne?"

"Not at all, I assure you!" said the Editor, dropping the telephone transmitter.

"I have been helping him," said Ethel demurely.

"And I find," said the Editor, coming forward and taking the elder lady's hand, "that I simply can't do without her help any longer."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady again. Then a smile of infinite sagacity spread over her tranquil countenance.

"And that," she observed calmly, "is what is meant by the Editorial 'We'!"

THE END.



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE King's great diamonds, the Cullinans, have, happily, no history; jewels of such price generally have their story written in blood and tears. What of story and legend the diamond itself lacks, however, is amply furnished by its setting.



THE LOCK-MAKER WHO WRITES OF LOVE: MR. H. HERMAN CHILTON, AUTHOR OF "GRIT."

Mr. H. Herman Chilton, whose play "Grit" has just been produced by Miss Lena Ashwell at the Kingsway Theatre, is a partner in a firm of lock-manufacturers near Wolverhampton. "Grit" is by no means his first attempt at literary work, as various short stories of his have appeared in magazines, and a novel from his pen, "Woman Unsexed," has been published.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.

Tower. With the advent of the new gem, cares for the safe-keeping of the Jewel Tower have been redoubled. Men keep watch and ward within the building by day; sentries pace before the door by night. Dublin Castle's loss suggests that the race of Bloods is not extinct, but its representatives will be safest away from the Tower of London.

"Sir Jarge" Sir George Wombwell is easily the youngest man of his generation, although his friends last week congratulated him on entering his seventy-seventh year. He is, moreover, nearly the only man alive (and he is very much alive) to whom one instinctively applies the now nearly obsolete word "dapper." His small figure, under that superlatively well-brushed hat, is still erect and jaunty as ever. He has hardly changed the colour of his complexion or of his coat, of his hair or of his gloves, these fifty years. He has not changed the colour of his politics either. In short, he survived the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava to good purpose; and so you say when you see him "drivin'" his favourite pair down St. James's Street, or standing critically at his

club window, or lingering longest at some evening party, "untirin'" in all that he undertakes. Sir George, like all good Yorkshiremen, drops his "g's" at the end of words; and the fact that the habit has become so general among keen sportsmen shows to what a large extent the great northern county dominates the whole world of moor and stable.

Lord Aberdare's Daughter-in-Law.

The Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce reminds the friends who admired her before she came to England to walk herself, at the gallop, into favour here, of her old American self. Then, as now, she was noted for a quiet charm and distinction of manner rather than for the idiosyncrasy of deportment that won her fame on the boards. There is no doubt as to which part suits her best—that of leading lady in the theatre or in the house of the heir to the barony of Aberdare. There, and everywhere, her manner has been much commended, even by those who were prepared to be critical. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce still refuses to draw the admiring eye of the club windows down upon herself by taking the wheel from her husband's hand and the pedals from under his foot



THE DUKE WHO ENTERED INTO HIS INHERITANCE AT THE AGE OF SIX: THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

The young Duke, who is now twenty-one, succeeded his father in the family honours when he was a child of six. He was educated at Eton. He has two brothers living—Lord Desmond FitzGerald and Lord Edward FitzGerald. His Grace is at present wintering in Egypt.

Photograph by Lafayette.

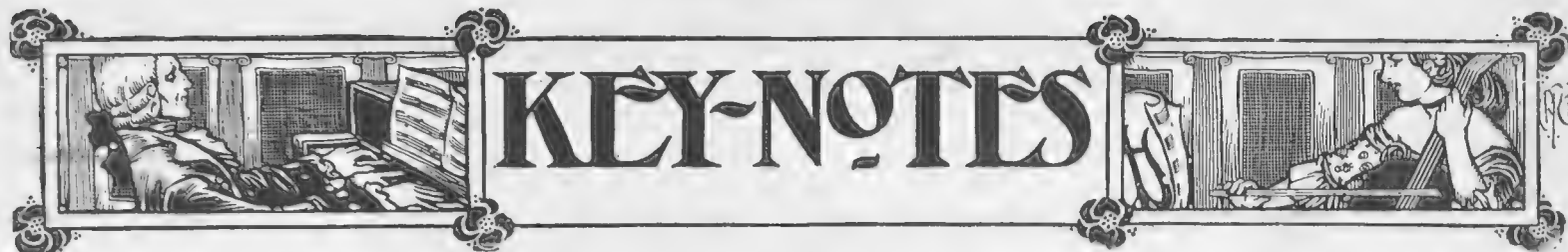
during their frequent tours of London in their car; but, if she does not show the women-folk of England how to drive with Gibsonian elegance, she at least can teach the art of keeping a becoming seat through the various jolts and jerks that are the portion of the motorist in London.

"Carriage." It has never been quite decided which manner of carriage within the car is the best. The Queen long ago compelled Society to one manner within the carriage, and the upright bearing was preferred on her account to the lounge, which was once considered smart, and which has, by fair ladies in revolt, been made popular again within the last few years. The car has wrought a change, and a more utilitarian view of the case is taken; the fair motorist neither lies right back upon her cushions nor, in Queen Alexandra's fashion, sits bolt upright. The winds prevent the one, and the excitements of progress on the road make the other difficult to maintain.



"LANCASHIRE WITCHES" AS WELL-WISHERS OF A BRIDE: THE CHILDREN WHO STREWED FLOWERS AT THE MARRIAGE OF MISS DOROTHY DE HOGHTON.

A remarkable feature of the marriage of Miss Dorothy de Hoghton, daughter of Sir James de Hoghton, and Mr. Archibald Moir Park Lyle was the presence of one-and-twenty children from Hoghton School, who, dressed as Lancashire witches, strewed flowers before the bride and bridegroom. They also visited certain sun-dials, and there wished the newly married pair good luck.—[Photograph by Topical.]



OUR concert-halls supply comedy, history, and tragedy. Perhaps the first is of most frequent occurrence, though some artists make history and others are concerned with disaster. Happily, when an orchestral concert is given, the failure of a soloist may pass almost unnoticed, save to the few who are on intimate terms with the music that is being performed and those who are well acquainted with affairs of the orchestra. At an orchestral concert given not long ago the tragic element was to the fore. The soloist, whose appearance had been heralded without restraint, was assisted by a leading orchestra, a difficult concerto was selected, and before the first movement was well on its way it was apparent to a section of the audience that the artist was quite unable to face the self-imposed task. Some of us must have listened with ever-increasing apprehension, wondering what would happen next. Things were clearly going from bad to worse, and the irony of the situation was the more marked by reason of the applause that the less informed section of the audience showered upon the unhappy performer. Happily, before a complete breakdown could come, the conductor took the matter into his own hands, and proceeded with the music before him as if the soloist's part were a negligible quantity. It was, of course, the only thing to do, and it may have saved the player's reputation, for the alternative would surely have been to call the orchestra to stop. The mishap was altogether regrettable, though it is fair to say



THE IDEAL PIANO FOR A FLAT! A DOUBLE-GRAND PIANO WITH ONE CASE. One of the novelties of the Folies' appearance at the Apollo is a double grand piano introduced by M. Pélissier. It consists of two pianos joined together back to back, with one case and one top. It will be played, of course, by two people, and M. Pélissier believes that he will get the same result from it in the large theatre that he would from an ordinary piano in a small concert-room.

that a large section of the audience did not seem to notice that anything was amiss; and it is to be hoped, for the credit of our concert-halls, that sufficient rehearsal will be given to soloists in future, to prevent the recurrence of such an unfortunate episode.

The programme of the London Symphony Orchestra's concert under Dr. Richter's direction last week was made up of four items: the "Tannhäuser" Overture with the Venusberg music, of which the concert-goer may permit himself to be a little tired; a pianoforte concerto of Brahms—the one in B flat; the Berlioz symphony, "Harold in Italy"; and the symphonic poem of Richard Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel." Some who—like the writer—arrived too late to hear the Wagner music and came in fresh to the extraordinary symphonic

poem stood out as a vivid expression of bold and poignant feeling set down by a composer whose instinct for things of the orchestra is bewildering. So greatly does his music convince after a few hearings, that even those to whom unresolved discords are naturally abhorrent may feel that their ears are capable of accepting in the future much that they have rejected in the past. Over and beyond expression in words lies the sense of a tremendous message delivered in language that appeals to every intelligence, though it can be expressed by none. Dr. Richter would seem to have mastered the inwardness of the work, and, with the finest collective instruments in the country at his disposal, he was able to secure such an interpretation as will not soon be forgotten.

Miss Fanny Davies was the soloist when the Brahms pianoforte concerto was played. The work is of very solid, musicianly quality; none but Brahms could have written it, and few save Brahms would have cared to try. It seemed that Miss Davies was a very fit and proper artist to be entrusted with the solo part. We have heard greater technical achievements, some of the younger men would have given certain difficult passages with greater clearness and finer definition,

but we do not think they would have read the music as sanely, or have seen it as a complete art-work so surely.

The St. Petersburg Quartet continues to give London of its best, and we could wish that the response were calculated to lead the brilliant players to take up their residence in London, for part of the year at least. We do not know too much about Tchaikovsky's chamber music, while that of Glazounow and Tanlieff is a sealed book to most of us. The Russian company has this music at the tips of its fingers and in the depth of its heart, and the interpretation is given in a manner that awakens deep interest, even where the work does not at once command our sympathy. We are not yet masters of the Russian musical idiom, and we have not been helped to master it by our intimacy with the somewhat hysterical emotionalism that runs unchecked through Tchaikovsky's big orchestral scores. But the musical genius of the Slav is a very real thing, and if we heard more of the St. Petersburg Quartet we should surely find a place for it in our affections. Messrs. Kranz, Butkewitsch, Bornemann, and Kamensky have now given their last recital, which included a quartet by Iwanow, and we can only hope that they will return in the spring.

COMMON CHORD.



PRIMA-DONNA AND LAUNDRY-OWNER:  
MISS SUSAN STRONG.

Miss Susan Strong, the well-known prima-donna—who, by the way, will appear at the Queen's Hall on the 28th of this month—is not only a famous singer, but is the owner of a laundry-de-luxe in Baker Street, to the profit of herself and the satisfaction of a large clientele. Miss Strong, it is understood, will begin an extended concert tour in the provinces early in the new year. A hearty welcome is assured her.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

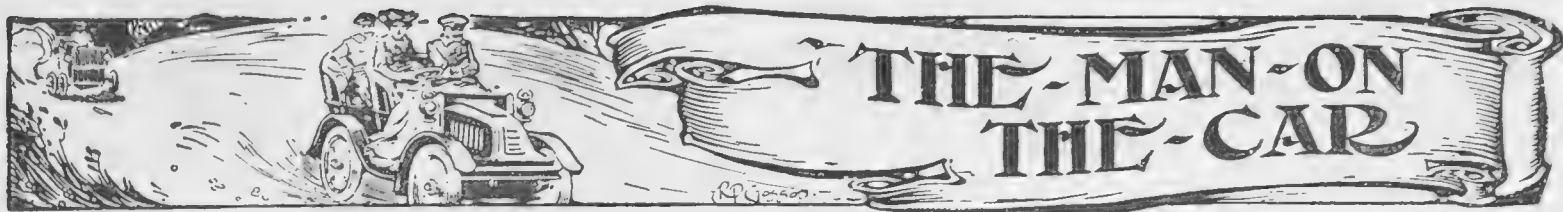
poem of Strauss may well have been struck by the vivid reading that the work received. Those who felt a little uncertain about its merits must have had their doubts set at rest, for the symphonic



SETTING OUT ON A £50,000 TOUR:  
MISCHA ELMAN.

Mischa Elman has just given a farewell concert at the Queen's Hall, preparatory to setting out on a grand tour, which, it is said, is expected to bring him £50,000. He will not be in London again until 1910. His farewell gained an additional interest of curiosity from the fact that it marked the third stage of his public appearances. The round jacket that took the place of the white sailor suit that became so familiar has now given way to what some people are so fond of calling "faultless evening dress."—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

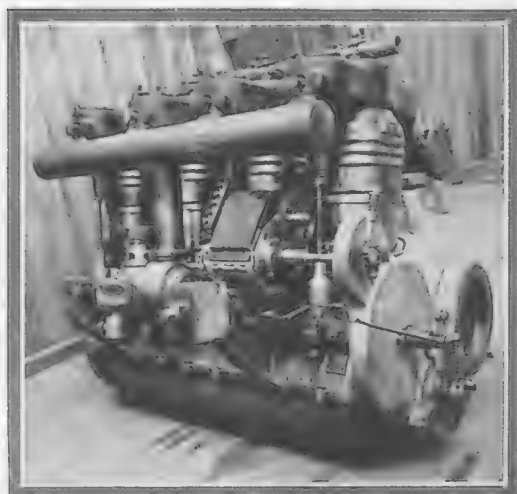




THE CLUB RISES IN ITS WRATH—DAZZLING HEADLIGHTS: THEIR OCCULTATION—FALSE STATEMENTS: THEIR CORRECTION—AUSTINS FOR THE GRAND PRIX—THE NEW CONTINENTALS AT THE SHOW.

THE Royal Automobile Club is deserving of the highest praise for having, of its own initiative, caused the prosecution of a motor-car driver for having driven a car at reckless speed. No note of the evidence is to hand, but it may be taken for granted that the Club did not make this grave and momentous move without the fullest and clearest knowledge as to guilt. In the intimation which reaches me, there is no statement to the effect that the defendant in the case is or was a member of the Club. If he is, I should imagine that he will promptly resign his membership. I say again that in taking action the Club deserves all praise, for nothing is better calculated to assure the public at large that the Club is absolutely sincere in its condemnation of inconsiderate driving.

Another move on the part of the Royal Automobile Club, and one which will find approval in the eyes of all road-users, not excepting the unselfish among motorists, is the approaching consideration of the question of dazzling headlights and the advisability of their prohibition within the London County Council area; at least, if not entire prohibition—for that would probably entail much inconvenience—some regulation which should insure the shading or occultation of headlights upon entering the Council area.



THE GREAT MOTOR THAT IS TO DRIVE A PRINCE'S AEROPLANE: A 675-LB. ENGINE.

The engine is that of the aeroplane in which Prince Bolotof hopes to fly across the Channel. It is calculated to develop 100-h.p.

Photograph by Branger.

these great traffic arteries at night at speeds greater than are safe by the permanent illumination is a subject for the attention of the Royal Automobile Club in a different direction. To attempt to prohibit the use of bright, far-reaching headlights on unilluminated country roads or through dimly lit villages is quite another matter, and such an ordinance would make for neither the convenience of motorists nor the safety of other users of the road.

It really seems the special mission of certain journals and certain writers thereon to revel in mis-statements (the term is a mild one) with regard to motoring incidents of all descriptions. It is only necessary for a motor-car to have been within fifty yards of any street accident for it to be set down as the cause and effect of whatever has taken place, and for the details—mainly imaginary—to be paragraphed broadcast under such blood-curdling headlines as "Horrible Motor Massacre," "Another Motor Murder," and so on. Until lately all such mendacious and damaging statements have

been permitted to range uncontradicted and to fan the already glowing fire of motorphobia. Now, however, the Automobile Association, that body of essentially good works, has applied itself to the task of unearthing the beginnings of all these ghastly yarns, and assigning the motor-car its proper value and place therein. Not only is this most necessary and valuable work being done thoroughly, but it is being carried out with dispatch, which, after all, is half, if not three-quarters, of the battle. To contradict evil at a distance of weeks is of no avail; the motor champion must be hot-foot on the trail of misrepresentation, and deny loudly in the very presence of prejudice.

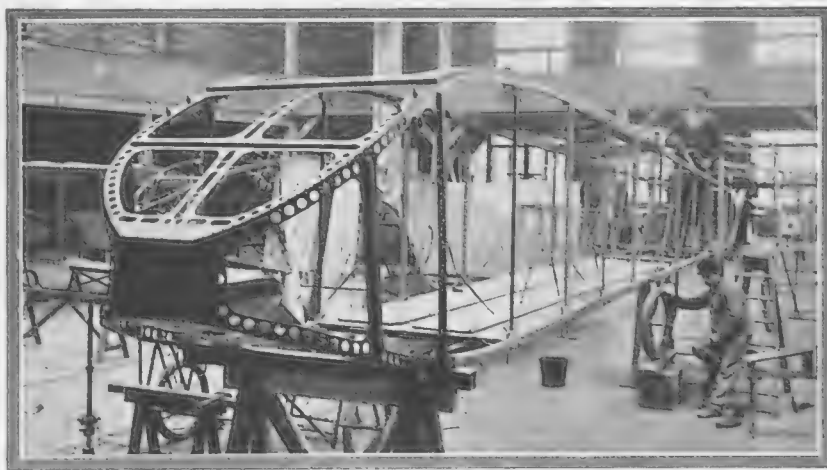
It is clear that while we are obliged to play the Pharisee, and pass by on the other side where motor-racing is concerned, our neighbours across the Channel are already busy with the promotion of next year's Grand Prix. It is to be contested over a course in the Department of the Marne et Loire, and will be known as the Circuit d'Anjou. It is announced on the best authority that the Austin Motor Company will build a team of cars to take part in the race. I sincerely hope that certain other leading English firms will also take a hand. Three Silent Knight Daimlers, for instance, would add interest to the event, while this year, too, the French Automobile Club may be able to see their way to admit Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheels, and with them an English car which should go near winning.



A MOTOR-CAR AS A BALLOON-CAR: THE LARGEST BALLOON IN THE WORLD CARRYING A MOTOR-CAR INSTEAD OF THE REGULATION BASKET.

The balloon made its first flight under the conditions indicated by the illustration from Indianapolis to Dayton, Ohio. When it was brought to ground, the balloon was deflated, and the passengers drove back to their starting-point carrying the envelope in the motor-car.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE SKELETON OF AN AEROPLANE THAT MUST ATTAIN A SPEED OF NEARLY EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR BEFORE IT WILL FLY: BUILDING THE BOLOTOF AEROPLANE.

The aeroplane will weigh 2700 lb., and it is said that it will be necessary to attain with it a speed of nearly eighty miles an hour before it will rise.—[Photograph by Branger.]

projects but very slightly above the surface of the tread, so that it stands much less chance of being torn out, while the play of the stud in its seating is obviated by the use of an improved form of disc,

Amongst the tyre exhibits at Olympia nothing attracted keener notice than the non-skipping Continental tyre, which has the tread formed with three deep parallel ribs extending completely round the tread. Tyres with these treads should be used for the front as well as the rear tyres of heavy cars, for the reason that heavy cars are occasionally liable to front-wheel skidding, or side-slip. In connection with this tyre, the Continental Tyre Company have introduced a new green-coloured inner tube of specially fine and thick rubber. In steel-studded, non-skid treads, the Continental firm have made great improvements, inasmuch that the steel stud now

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW—STARTING-PRICE COUPS—EXPENSES.

IN glancing through the programmes of race-meetings to be decided in the near future under National Hunt rules one looks in vain for the names of many new owners. I am pleased to notice that the Duke of Portland will run The Loaf over hurdles. The horse is now trained by Mr. Persse, and is very likely to win a good hurdle-race. His Grace has also put Bruges to jumping. Mrs. McCalmont, whose late husband started the steeplechase meeting at Newmarket, owns a useful steeplechaser in Harry Mac, who is entered in a novices' steeplechase at Gatwick. Lord St. David has some useful jumpers in training, and the Duke of Westminster patronises the sport freely. Lady Warwick runs a horse or two under National Hunt rules; so does Lord Sefton. A newcomer is Mr. D. McCalmont, who came in for the bulk of his uncle's fortune. I think the horses trained by Hartigan should be followed early in the season, as they are all fit; and the same remark applies to the horses trained by Mr. Maher at Delamere Forest. Later in the season the three 'chasers Jerry M, Cackler, and Holy War, trained by Gore, will pay for following, and it may be that one of the three will go close for the Grand National. Flaxman, who is owned by the King, is said to be going on well. He finished fourth for the cross-country Derby this year, and he is almost certain to be started again. Sweet Cecil, trained by Donnelly, is a smart 'chaser, that should bring money to betters; and it is just on the cards that Mrs. Lyons, owned by Mr. C. Bewicke, will develop into a smart hurdler. Mr. J. B. Joel has one or two jumpers in training that should pay their way.

It is a marvellous fact that, while the book-makers who go the circuit have had a good flat-race season, the stay-at-home "S.P." merchants have done badly. The reason is not far to seek. A great many of the smart owners find that the pinched prices offered on the course do not suit them; and they have now come to doing their betting away. Thanks to the administrative ability of one or two of the professional backers who act as commission-agents, it is now possible to place small sums with bookmakers in nearly every town in the United Kingdom, and the "S.P." layers often find themselves having to pay out big sums because the prices are so long. Occasionally some of the money finds its way back to the course, and when this does happen the price comes down like a shot out of a gun; but this rarely happens, as the

telegrams are not sent to the "S.P." men until the very last second. It was freely rumoured that, over two selling-plate winners this year, the stay-at-home bookies had between them to pay out nearly £50,000, and neither horse was backed by the stable for a shilling on the course. As a set-off, I may add that several big

starting-price coups came undone during the flat season that has just closed, and these were, too, engineered by backers that a few years ago were simply unbeatable. It sometimes happens that one set of coup-planners is trying to defeat the plans of an opposition gang. Then, if both are beaten, the starting-price merchants capture with a vengeance.

The expenses of running a race-meeting are something enormous. I have before me the annual report of one of the Metropolitan racecourse companies, and some of the figures are extraordinary. Take, for instance, the rent of the estate, which amounts to nearly £4,000, while the rates, taxes, and insurance total up to very nearly the same amount. The wages bill comes to £4,000, outside of the wages of the secretary to the company, clerk of the course, and club secretary, which run into a total of over £2,000 per annum. Then there are repairs to stands, rent of office, salaries of office clerks, and last, though by no means least, directors' fees. The other side of the picture reveals a revenue from the club of £12,000; and receipts from stands and entrance-fees to park, refreshments, race-cards, etc., amount to over £30,000. The added money comes to nearly £10,000 more than the entrance-fees. I should add that the shareholders receive a fat dividend annually, and the position of the company referred to is very strong. It is a pity that more details were not given in the report—such as the profit made out of jumping meetings, if any. The late John Frail used to say that it cost £300 per day to run a meeting under National Hunt rules, and I should say that at times the winter fixtures resulted in loss to the companies. Of course, it is necessary to run these meetings in any case, in the interests of club members, who, after all, provide a big nucleus wherewith to start the racing year; and it should not be forgotten that their subscriptions have to be paid whether the meetings are held or abandoned through stress of weather. The racing clubs have been good friends of the racecourse companies. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



TUG-O'-WATER: A STRUGGLE BETWEEN SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN AT MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY—FRESHMEN BEING DRAWN THROUGH THE HURON RIVER.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



THE DIVING FOOTBALLER: PARKINSON DIVING AT BEDE SMITH DURING THE PRACTICE OF THE AUSTRALIAN RUGBY TEAM.

Photograph by the Sports Company.



## Christmas Presents for All.

WE are all deeply concerned with questions as to presents. What we are to give comes first, what we are about to receive will in a very short time be a matter for pleasurable anticipation.

The new and beautiful premises of Messrs. Mappin and Webb at 158-162, Oxford Street, are a fitting setting for the numbers of beautiful things to be found in them. There are, in addition, fine establishments equally well equipped with delightful presents at 2, Queen Victoria Street, and at 220, Regent Street. I found at the palatial place in Oxford Street that not only was there everything that is most classic and novel and costly in silver and plate, but that there were the most attractive and delightful of little gifts, useful and ornamental, for just a few shillings. The mere fact that these bear the name of the firm guarantees them as excellent, and adds to their value to the recipients; if it is only a pickle-fork at 3s. 6d., it is really good. However, the novelties include a charming Empire trinket-box, standing on feet and with a diminishing-mirror swinging at the back, which shows the whole face. This costs only £2 15s. and is a really dainty thing, the box lined with delicate-hued satin. Clocks are also useful and ornamental. Some of these, in Sheraton cases, are exceptionally good value at 27s. 6d., being well finished and well made. A Kodak jewel-case is a good idea. It is made in exact imitation of the exterior of a Kodak, and is fitted with two trays. It will be a safe way of conveying jewels, and costs £2 5s. Motor accessories are amply provided, and in the most neat and compact way. A light-refreshment case contains one - pint

Thermos flask, two drinking-cups (gilt inside), one sandwich and cake-box (with divisions), all in a handsome leather case, for £3 15s. There is also a new draught-proof footstool, with felt-lined foot-protector, which is fitted as a luncheon-case or tea-case for two or four persons. The rage for pierced silver continues: a delightful present is a mustard-pot at two guineas. A very graceful and effective bonbon-dish, in classical style, with two handles, costs only 30s.; 4½ in. in diameter, 8½ in. high it is £7 15s. Silver pot-pourri boxes are things that all refined women love; they give such an old-world olfactory charm to a room—one that men appreciate. Very neat and very good value are

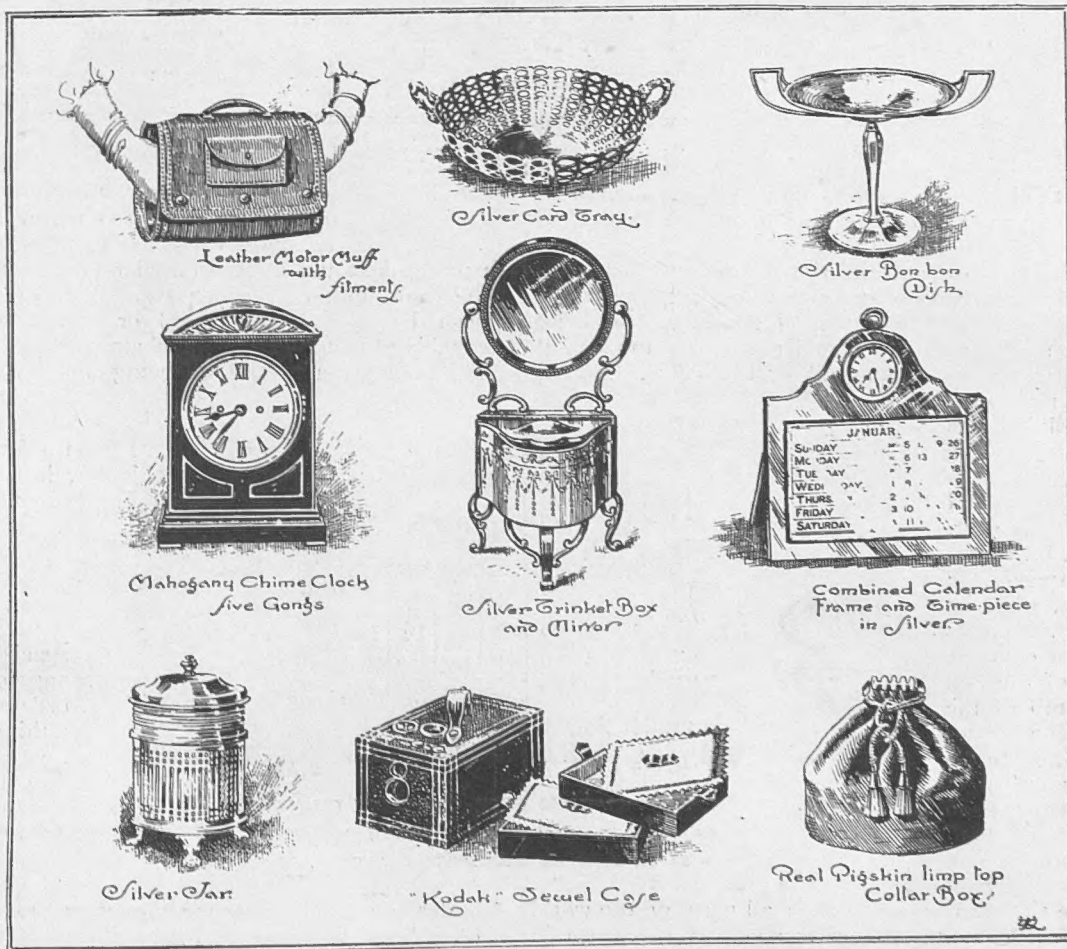
little high stands of tortoiseshell on silver stems, with silver rims and handles, for 35s. The newest engine-turned silver toilet-sets are full of charm. They are an improved design, looking almost iridescent as the light touches them, and the brushes and glass have long, graceful handles. They are the last word in toilet-sets. Some, with a design of fleur-de-lis on burnished silver alternating with engine-turning, are also most fascinating. There are presents in the new Aluminite fireproof china that hostesses will be delighted to have. A set of six small marmites for serving soup or soufflés in a stand for £2 10s., hot-milk and coffee-pots, with lamps, saucepans, a set of savoury shell-shaped dishes on a stand, an *au gratin* dish and breakfast-dish with lamp, are all at once ornamental and useful. There are beautiful examples of inlay-work in gold, silver, and mother-o'-pearl, in tortoiseshell; magnificent fitted bags, and many, many more beautiful things, some of which are indicated in a special catalogue, which can be had on application.

There are ornamental Christmas presents and useful ones. Like the immortal Scotsman, I incline to think "baith's best." The "Swan" fountain-pen is both. That with which these words are being inscribed is not blushing red ink, because the statement is fact, and the pen is almost as old a stager as that with which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." There are two new sizes in "Swans" this year, and No. 2 size (very convenient and very comfortable to hold, larger than No. 1 at 10s. 6d.) is sold at 13s.; with rolled-gold bands at 17s. 6d. There is a No. 4 size, sold at 20s.; with rolled-gold bands at 30s. Both these new sizes hold almost twice as much ink as the size before them. They have the same excellent system of steady flow of ink. Any steel nib can be perfectly copied in gold in these pens, which give a life-time's wear. No better gift can be chosen for friends abroad. There is no duty, the postage is very little: fourpence to the Colonies, sixpence to almost all other countries, and this includes registration. Another novelty is the "long-short" stylo. It fits into the vest pocket, and when shut is short; when pulled out for use the handle is long and comfortable. It is in black, red, and mottled vulcanite, so that three different-coloured inks can be carried by



THE NEW GAME: POP-IN-TAW.

The object of each player is to place five steel balls into a cardboard cone before any of his adversaries can perform the same feat, the play being simultaneous, and not a matter of turns or innings. The propelling force is a small wooden shovel, on to which the balls are scooped by a process familiar to tennis-players, and then conveyed steadily and dexterously into the cones. The game is made by the Parker Games Company, 19, Ivy Lane, E.C.



CHARMING NOVELTIES FOR CHRISTMAS AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S, OF 158-162, OXFORD STREET; 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET; AND 220, REGENT STREET, W.





THE ARRIVAL OF THE EVER-WELCOME  
"SWAN" PEN.

Messrs. Elkington's fine establishments, whether it be that at 22, Regent Street, at 73, Cheapside, those in the chief provincial towns, or those of Calcutta, Montreal, Madrid, Buenos Ayres, and Rangoon. Some people may have the idea that so great a firm does not condescend to the day of little things, such as gifts at popular prices for Christmas. Not only do they lay themselves specially out to provide these, but are always amply repaid for doing so in the number of clients they attract. This year they are specially well provided. So unqualified is the success of the silhouette work of Captain Theodore Tharp, produced exclusively by the firm, that additions have been made to subjects and purposes to which these clever and attractive things can be put. Portrait silhouettes can be cut on application.

The subjects will, however, appeal to most: racing, hunting, fishing, golfing, horses, dogs, motor-cars, steeplechasing, coursing, cricket tennis, skating—all are equally cleverly shown. They are used for cigar and cigarette box-lids, menu-holders, trinket-boxes, and ash-trays. A set of after-dinner coffee-spoons will make an appreciated gift, and costs only 13s. 6d. A man will greatly appreciate a silver shaving-dish, with a top which also forms a stand, at only 25s. What a careful housewife will like is a kettle and stand in Elkington plate for £5 15s. The lamp under the stand not only boils the kettle (lamps generally only condescend to keep it boiling), but will also make toast on the table, so that it is hot and crisp and fresh, and well worth eating. Bridge-players—and how numerous they are—will admire the ingenuity of a trump-indicator, that shows what are trumps clearly on xylonite cards, 3½ inches. This costs only half-a-guinea. To us all, because we are loyal subjects, a statuette bust of the King in solid bronze at £1 10s. will be an attractive gift to present or to receive. It is an excellent likeness—a really nice thing to possess. Elkington's mascots are having a great success, especially among motorists. They are charms in solid gold enamelled in colours—a bear, a dog, a white cat, a black cat, or a policeman in two positions; also Mephistopheles, quite as black as he is painted. Mascots to fasten in front of cars are also in favour; one of these in brass, called a "Limb of the Law," is a Cupid with a policeman's helmet on. The "Swastika" jewellery is another of the firm's specialties that is in great demand. The "Swastika" is a symbol of good fortune, prosperity, and the fulfilment of the heart's desire that has been found in all parts of the world from the remotest antiquity. A scarf-pin is made in this form in real gold for a few shillings, and in diamonds for three guineas. As a pendant with diamonds and turquoise it is £7 10s. There

artists, architects, or surveyors without fear of confusing them in use. Special inks are also prepared by Mabie, Todd, and Co., 79-80, High Holborn: jet-black, orange, lead-pencil, and umber-brown, two shades. These are perfect for use with the company's fountain, stylographic, or steel pens.

There is always a treasure-cave of Christmas gifts at each of



THE BURLINGTON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR, MADE BY MESSRS. J. FOOT  
AND SON, 171, NEW BOND STREET, W.

are so many novelties in Messrs. Elkington's beautifully got-up Christmas catalogue that I strongly recommend all to send for it.

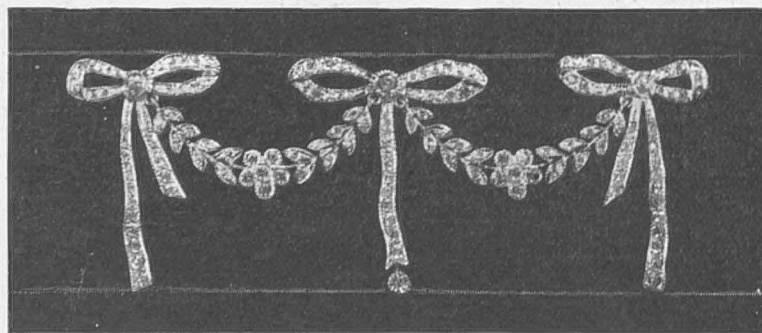
I know of nothing so desirable as a really comfortable chair. When it is a chair with almost uncanny ways of adapting itself to every position its occupant wishes, it is covetable. The "Burlington," the latest production of those specialists in chair comfort, Messrs. J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street, is perfection. Its first merit is that it is on double springs, and beautifully upholstered, so that it is most soft and luxurious as a seat. By pressing a little knob at the side, which is within easy reach of the occupant's right hand, the back can be lowered to any position. When quite reclining, should the occupant want to sit up, another pressure, and the back of the chair follows up until the knob is released, when the chair remains stationary. From beneath it a leg rest

can be drawn out and adjusted to any height or angle; while a foot-rest at the end adds much to comfort, and keeps away draught. The leg-rest can equally well be used as a footstool. There is a reading-desk and a small circular table attached to the left side of the chair, either of which can be raised, lowered, approached, or pushed away. A tiny child or a great invalid would be equally capable of manipulating the chair, so small is the pressure required. The boon to an invalid of being able to change position without help is inestimable. There is a soft cushion, too, attached to the back of the chair by a band, which can be used for the head, or shifted to any position for the back. The price of the chair, which looks like an ordinary one, and takes up no more room, is fifteen guineas. The "Adapta" bed-table is another specialty of this firm, so widely appreciated that it is being ordered by the hundred. It is a thing that should be in every house, if only for the purpose of comfortably serving breakfast in bed. It can be raised or lowered very easily and simply, and can be placed in any position, the stand fitting



USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS AT MESSRS. ELKINGTON'S, 22, REGENT STREET, W.; AND 73, CHEAPSIDE.

under the bed. There are automatic clips to hold firmly the pages of a book or paper, and ensure the luxurious enjoyment of, shall we say, *The Sketch*. For a reading-table it is perfect, especially if heavy volumes have to be consulted. It answers admirably for a

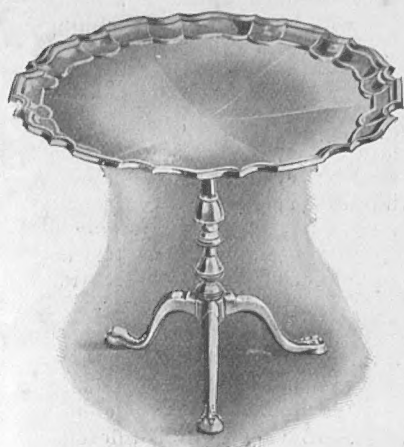


A NOVEL AND ARTISTIC DIAMOND NECK-ORNAMENT ON VELVET, AT THE  
PARISIAN DIAMOND CO.'S, 85, NEW BOND STREET; 143, REGENT STREET;  
AND 37, 38, AND 43, BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.

There

under the bed. There are automatic clips to hold firmly the pages of a book or paper, and ensure the luxurious enjoyment of, shall we say, *The Sketch*. For a reading-table it is perfect, especially if heavy volumes have to be consulted. It answers admirably for a





A TINY MODEL OF A CHIPPENDALE TABLE AS A TRINKET-TRAY, AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

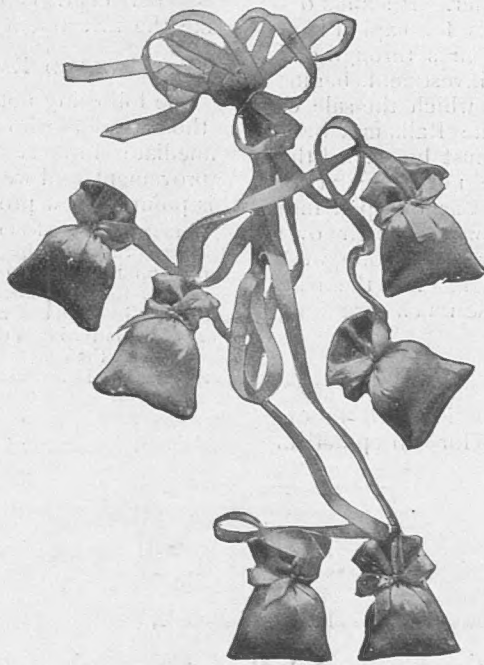
mired at the Franco-British Exhibition, are now in the showrooms. Lacework diamond setting is shown in a way that even Paris might envy; while for special stones the company has a splendid reputation. A pair of cinnamon-coloured diamonds made up into a pendant are matchless, and the mounting of them is matchless, too. These things are, however, beyond the scope of the ordinary gift-seekers, and the aim of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company is to cater for all. A specially pretty idea is embodied in many delightful pieces of translucent enamel-work. There are mingled with it gems and gold, and the result is novel, artistic, and beautiful. Butterflies in this enamelling are particularly fascinating. A charming pin for a man is in Matt gold, a splendidly modelled owl, in miniature, with ruby eyes. To show that in price there is absolutely no limit either way with this enterprising firm, I may mention that it costs only £1 12s. Rings are favourite presents; these are in extraordinary variety. One of three pearls, set between two curves of diamonds, is original; another has circles of diamonds round a large centre stone; a third has oblong turquoises tied as it were into a little bow with diamonds. A delightful circular brooch is of diamonds, whole pearls, and emeralds. It is excellent in design and most effective. Butterfly twin-brooches will appeal to those who follow the Directoire fashion of the jabot, so dainty do they look amid fine laces. Of earrings, bangles, the most up-to-date and fantastic charms, gold and jewelled purses, necklets, pendants, hair-ornaments, it is unnecessary to write more than that the stock is enormous and greatly varied. Greek design brooches in pearls, gold, and fancy stones are making quite a sensation, as are neck-slides for velvet. A decline in the price of bar-silver was seized upon by the Company to give their vast number of clients an advantage in the price of silver things. There are quantities of neat things. A tiny model of a Chippendale table as a trinket-tray for £1 is tempting; and dainty sets of sugar-dredger, mustard-pots, afternoon teaspoons and sugar-tongs, all *en suite*, are good. There are quantities of

game of cards for two; it also accommodates itself to the purpose of a music-stand. When one is in bed, however, the contrivance is at its best; it can be pushed aside by the invalid, can be placed at any angle to read or play games on, or may be used for a work-stand or as a back-rest. No Christmas gift will secure greater gratitude to the donor than an Adapta table.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, are determined that the season's generous feeling of goodwill shall find varied and delightful expression. Few more inspiring sights than these beautiful premises afford to the present-seeker can be imagined. The charming Empire cases, with their precious and artistic contents, that were so much ad-

a wonderfully large number of choice things in tortoiseshell and gold and silver, and of exquisite inlay work in gold, silver, and mother-o'-pearl. A special staff of designers is kept to re-design old family jewels, drawings and estimates being sent free of charge. Yet another point is that exact reproductions of authenticated models of Early English decorative silver plate are offered at little or no more cost than modern, and the company have at their exclusive command many pieces, and also many of the most beautiful dies of original antique Sheffield plate in existence. The little Christmas list this year is dainty, and most convenient in size. It is full of such new and pretty designs that it is well worth while to send for it.

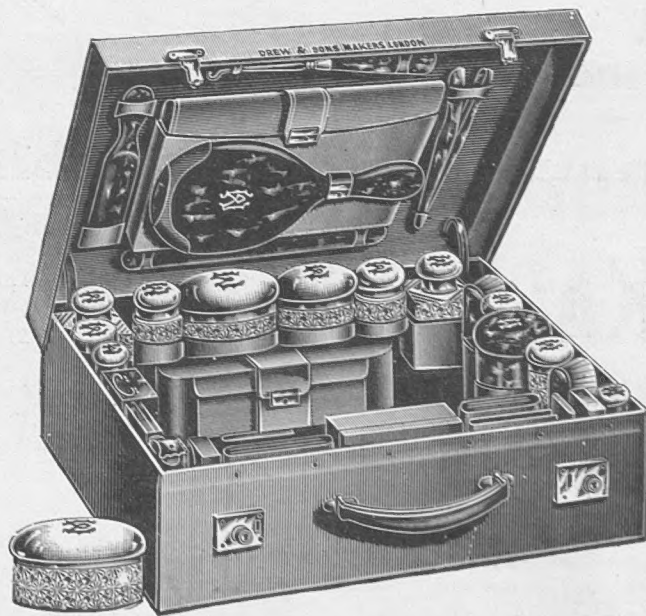
The Misses Allen-Brown, whose English violet perfume and toilet preparations are so well known and so greatly appreciated by well-bred women all over the world, are ready with their dainty Christmas novelties. Among these will be found hanging-sachets, a veil-roller of perfumed satin; also parcels, at 30s., 21s., and 10s. 6d., containing some of their delightful preparations. The one at the middle figure has in it a large bottle of perfume, a box of soap, box of visitors' soap, bottle of violet foam, bottle of motor-lotion, tin of violet bath-salts, box of powder, a hanging-sachet, and a corsage-sachet. All the preparations are from English violets, grown at the Misses Allen-Brown's own violet nurseries at Henfield, Sussex.



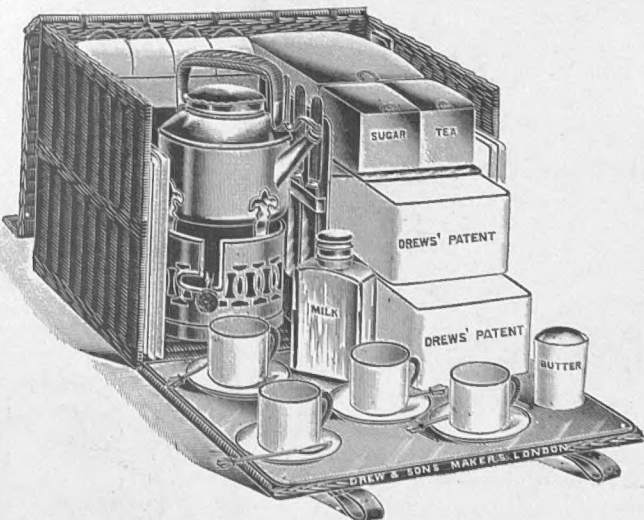
SWEET-SMELLING VIOLET-SACHETS, MADE BY THE MISSES ALLEN-BROWN, HENFIELD, SUSSEX.

These are days when we all want our comforts: wherever we may be and whatever we may be doing, we want our meals comfortably—nay, even luxuriously. Messrs. Drew and Sons at their splendidly equipped premises, which are an ornament to Piccadilly Circus, demonstrate that compactness and luxury go hand in hand. They have tea-baskets that are perfectly arranged for two, four, six, eight, or twelve persons. The kettle boils as it stands in the basket; there is no necessity for drinking tea made hours before and kept hot. Sugar, dry tea, milk, and butter are held in dainty enamelled receptacles, all fitted into small space; and there are cups, saucers, plates, and enamelled boxes for cakes and bread-and-butter. This latest basket is called the "En Route," and is surely the last

word in compactness and completeness. The same firm's new models in ladies' fitted dressing-cases have in them every necessary thing for perfect comfort in dressing. They are in every variety, from the largest-sized suit-case to miniature ones for motoring. The fittings can be such as are absolutely necessary, or of the kind providing for the most luxurious requirement. The bags and cases are in the latest and loveliest leathers, and the fittings are in gold, silver, tortoiseshell, or a combination of gold or silver with finest shell, in ivory or cut-glass and gold. Altogether acceptable presents these.



A DELIGHTFUL FITTED DRESSING-BAG, AT MESSRS. DREW AND SON'S, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.



A LUXURIOUS TEA-BASKET, AT MESSRS. DREW AND SON'S, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 9.*

## CONSOLS MUST GO DOWN.

I.—**B**ECAUSE so few people buy Consols. Investments on account of the Post Office, of Accumulative Consols, and for a constantly narrowing circle of old-fashioned investors are almost the sole support of the market regarded from the purely investment standpoint.

II.—Because sales are continually being made on behalf (a) of deceased accounts, and (b) for those holders who want to exchange their stock for something almost equally safe which pays higher interest.

III.—Because money will not get any cheaper for a long time to come, and all indications point to its becoming somewhat stiffer.

IV.—Because of the eternal borrowing, which grows more, instead of less, with every year. And each issue of gilt-edged stock must bear most favourable comparison with Consols, else it will be a failure.

V.—Because very, very few stockbrokers advise clients to put money into Consols, seeing how wide a range of choice is open to capitalists in more profitable directions.

VI.—Because the yield, allowing for income-tax at a shilling in the pound, is not more than £2 16s. 3d. per cent. on the money.

Therefore Consols must go down.

*Q.E.D.*

## FOREIGN RAILS OR BRITISH?

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway is a positive glutton for shouldering fresh obligations of one sort or another. It stands out as a very Atlas amongst its fellows, whose appeals for capital look mere bagatelles compared with the Pacific's demands through one channel or another. Indeed, the sober judge of investments begins to wonder whether the day is not approaching in which the sale of South American Rails and the purchase of Home Rails may be a satisfactory exchange. Against this view there must be placed the unfortunate fact that the British companies are not doing at all well, except in a few instances, and the market has dropped into that lethargic dullness which carries prices down of their own weight. Meanwhile, of course, the Argentine Railways are doing well, and the traffics pile up consistently week by week. But the bare possibility of a bad harvest is calculated to cause much searching of heart.

## THE RISE IN BREWERIES.

With the prospect of an Episcopal Licensing Bill not far away, the Brewery Market marches cautiously, though steadily, in the upward direction. The argument runs that, for all practical

purposes, the Government proposals are dead as Canterbury lamb, and that fresh temperance legislation will have to proceed along very much less thorny paths if it is to stand any chance of success with the House of Lords. Our advice all along, since the Licensing Bill was first introduced, has been that would-be buyers of stocks on the fall should confine themselves to the best class of securities. Barclay Perkins 3½ per cent. Debenture at 74, with interest due June and December, pays nearly 5 per cent. on the money. Truman, Hanbury, Whitbread, Worthington, Nalder and Collyer's—these are some of the companies whose First Debenture stocks it may pay to buy now, notwithstanding the veiled threats as to what may happen to the brewers and publicans when Budget time draws near.

## CHEAP TELEGRAPHS.

Mr. Henniker Heaton has earned the gratitude of every member of the community, and, in addition, the malevolence of shareholders in certain Telegraph companies which may be affected if his penny-a-word cablegrams proposal—to which brief reference was made here last week—is adopted. That it will be, or—even if it were—that proprietors in the telegraph companies would greatly suffer, are both unlikely propositions. Nevertheless, the quotations for the stocks and shares have come down considerably—Eastern Extension shares to 11½, and Eastern Telegraph stock to 131½, these prices being almost the lowest of the year, comparing with 13½ and 137½ as the respective highest. Both concerns pay 7 per cent. dividends, and quarterly, Eastern Extensions having received this rate for sixteen years or more; while Eastern Telegraph Ordinary has had a similar distribution from 1898 to the present day. By mixing the two, an average yield but little short of 5½ per cent. is obtained, and the security is good enough to make the investment decidedly cheap.

## THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The following note by our correspondent "Q" will be of interest to those readers who are always looking for a stock, not so much for immediate interest as for the prospects it presents of capital improvement, and we are sure our correspondent's remarks will from this point of view probably prove of profit.

Some of your readers may have noticed lately that the 6 per cent. 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock of the *Midland Railway Company of Western Australia* was marked up 13 points on one day to 83-88. It is one of the anomalies of the official list that this stock should be quoted at all, for the whole or practically the whole of it has been converted into 6 per cent. Cumulative Income Debenture Stock, £124 of the latter being exchanged for £100 of the old Debentures. I understand, however, that the matter will probably be set right, and an official quotation granted to the Income Debenture stock, which, meanwhile, is changing hands on the basis of £65-£70. This price is about double what the stock stood at within a year or two, although no interest has yet been paid upon it since it was created in 1898.

The explanation of the advance in value is, however, simple, but not very easy

*(Continued on Page XII.)*



BY APPOINTMENT.

In the American Grand Prix (370 miles), which was run on November 26,  
at Savannah,

# MICHELIN

## Detachable Rims and Tyres

were fitted to

- 1st. Wagner, on a Fiat.
- 2nd. Hemery, on a Benz.
- 3rd. Nazarro, on a Fiat.

The 4th, 6th, 8th, and 9th were also fitted with **MICHELIN** Detachable Rims and Tyres.

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